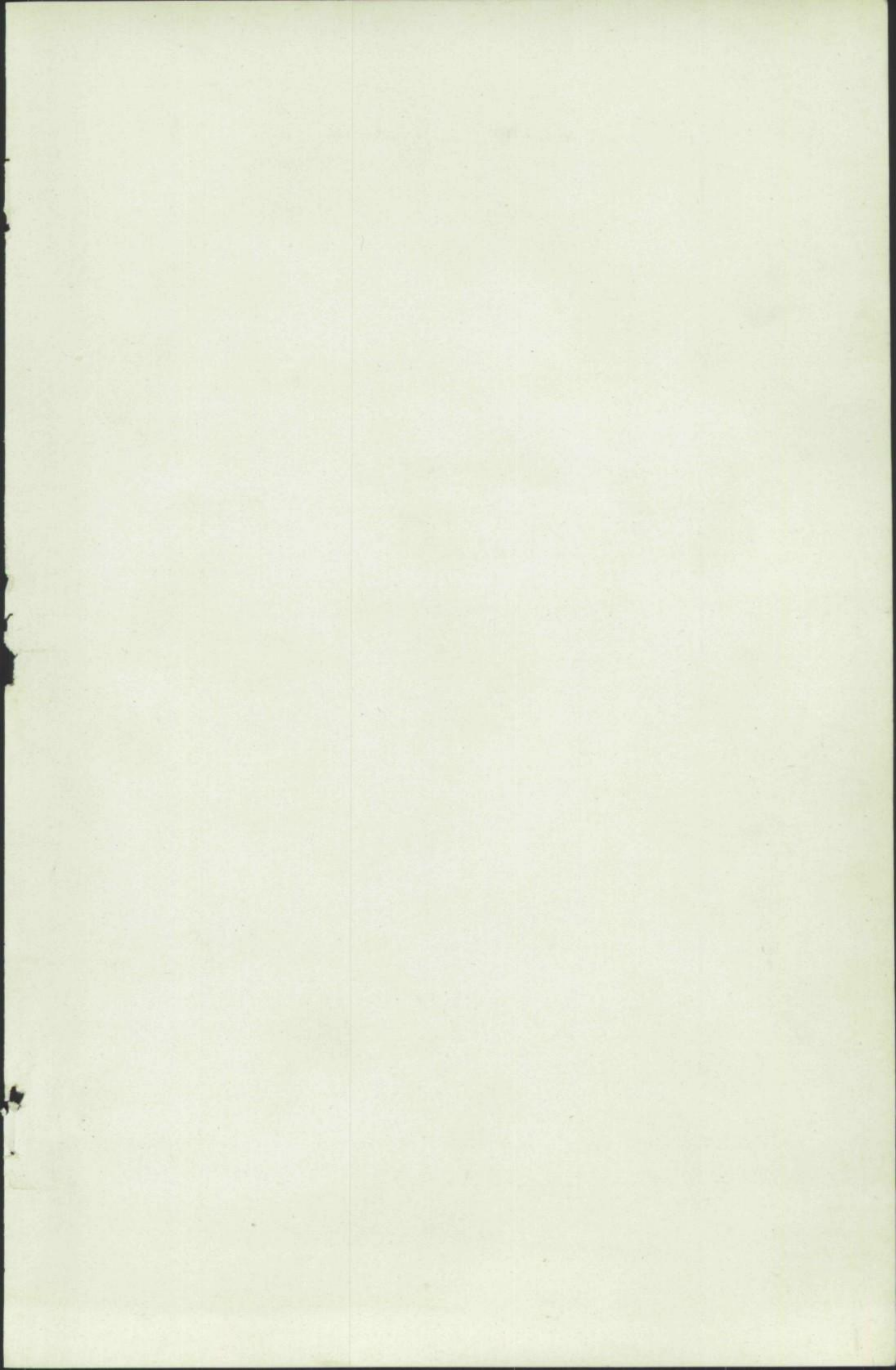


The
POST



Jan. '25
Issue



Black is the Raven
Black is the Book
But blacker the Child
Who steals this Book



Ex
Libris

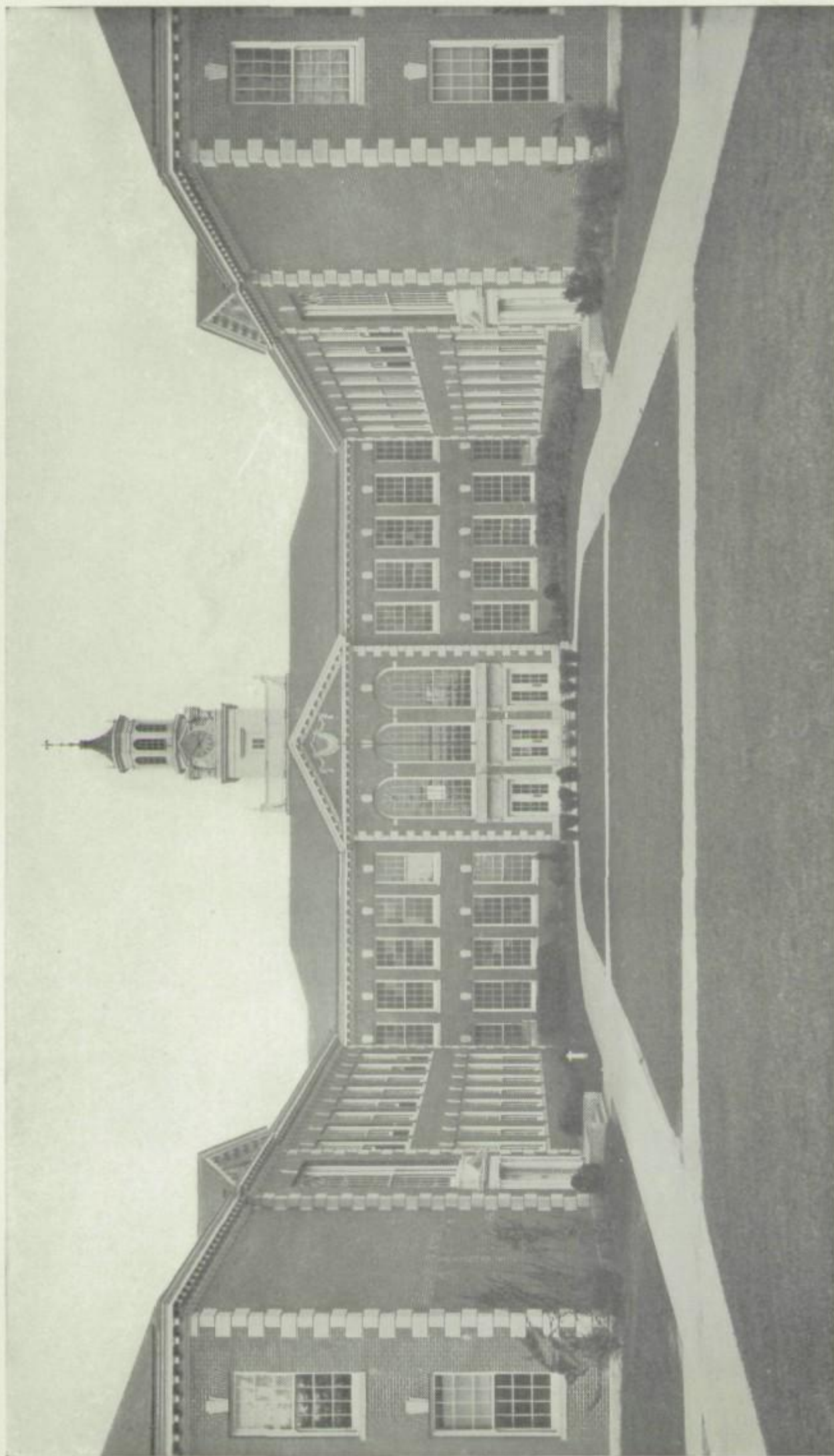
Laura Patton

THE POST

JANUARY
1925



A SEMI-ANNUAL PUBLICATION
of
THE GRADUATING CLASS
of
FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL



FRANKLIN FROM THE SOUTH ENTRANCE

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FOREWORD



“There are an hundred faults in this Thing, and an hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity.”

— Oliver Goldsmith

DEDICATION



*To the spirit of unselfishness, happiness
and mutual good-will, which comes alike to cottage
and hall during the Holiday Season, this
January '25 Post is sincerely
dedicated.*

1925 THE POST 1925



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Advertising

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EDNA STARRETT
Faculty

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Music

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JOE HOCKMUTH
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FRANCES HARGROVE
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RICHARD GARTNER
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HELEN INSKEEP
Art

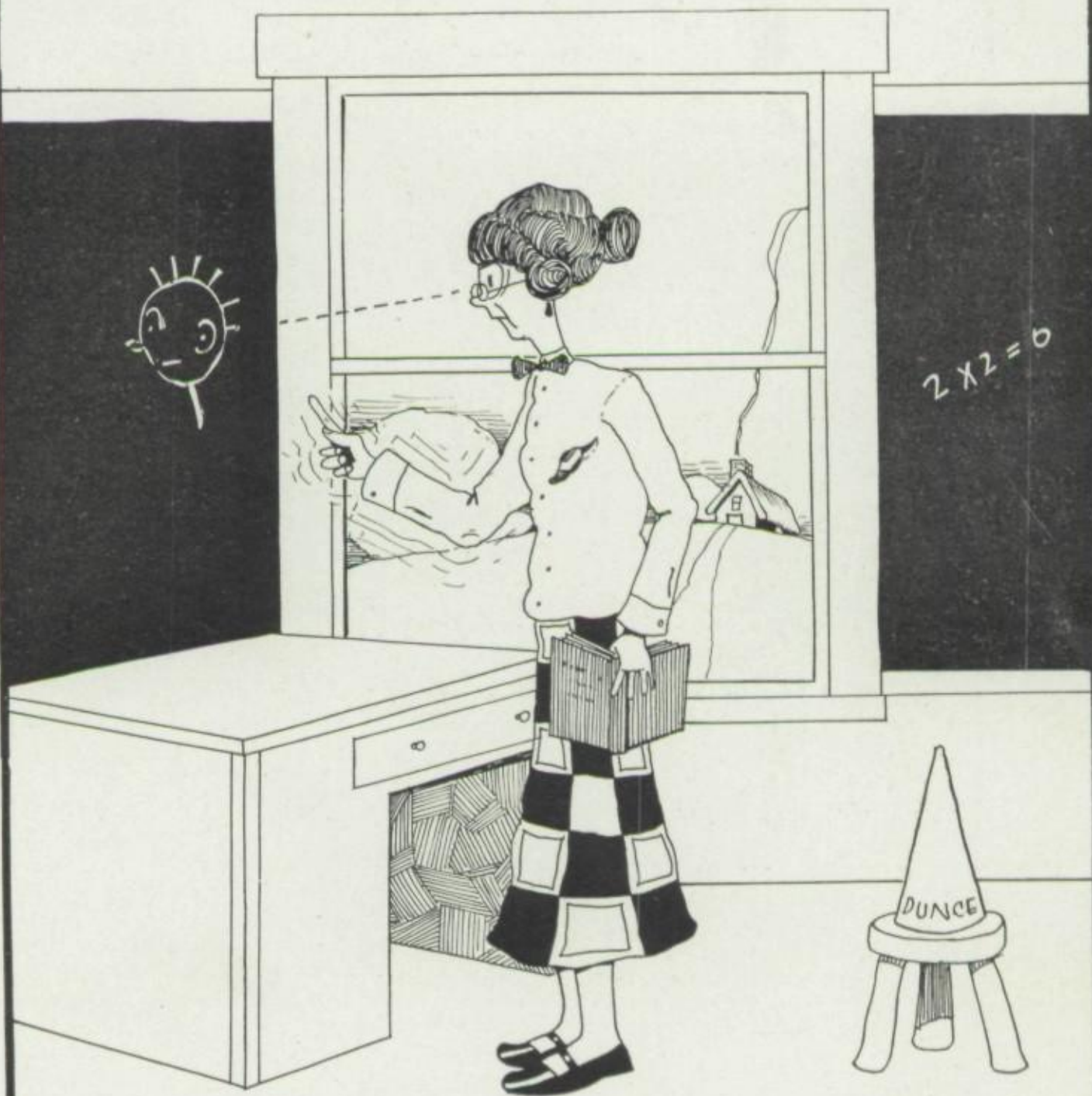
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H. W. PARKS

GERTRUDE WALLING

E. N. SOUTHWICK

KATHERINE TROWBRIDGE



DONALD GRAVES
President

"Smooth runs the water where the
brook is deep."

Entered from Benson.
Industrial Course.
O. A. C.

FRANCES HARGROVE
Vice-President

" 'Tis good to be merry and wise."

Entered from Arleta.
Language Course.
U. of O.

ZOE SANDERS
Secretary

"We know not anything so fair as
the smile upon thy face."

Entered from Woodmere.
Commercial Course.
O. A. C.

RUTH RAMSAY
Treasurer

"She refreshes one like flowers, and
woods, and clear brooks."

Entered from Beatrice, Nebraska.
College Prep. Course.
U. of O.

JOHN WATKINS
Sergeant-at-Arms

"School is school, and I must at-
tend."

Entered from Arleta.
College Prep. Course.
U. of O.

HUGH MCGILVRA
Editor

"Young in limbs, in judgment old."

Entered from Richmond.
College Prep. Course.
Willamette U.





OLIVE ASH

"They're only true who are truly good."
Entered from Lents.
Home Economics Course.
U. of W.

RUTH BARNES

"Frame your mind to mirth and happiness, for we will have it."
Entered from Goldendale, Wash.
English Course.
O. A. C.

STEPHEN BATES

"Good nature and good sense must ever join."
Entered from Richmond.
O. A. C.
Scientific Course.

OMAL BELL

"Every hand is wanted in this world that can do a little genuine, sincere work."
Entered from Clinton Kelly.
English Course.
U. of Mo.

HAROLD BELYEA

"He hitteth the nail on the head."
Entered from Long Beach Polytechnic High.
College Prep. Course.
U. of S. Calif.

FAYETTE BURKS

"None more kind than she."
Entered from Hudson School.
Language Course.
Business College.

CATHERINE DOUGLAS

"Size has nothing to do with genius."
Entered from Richmond.
Home Economics Course.
U. of O.

MILDRED DUNPHY

"An all around girl with a ready smile."
Entered from Lincoln.
Language Course.
O. A. C.

ALFRED EYKELBOSCH

"I never was a ladies' man."
Entered from Richmond.
English Course.

DONALD EAGLETON

"A man not to be changed by place or time."
Entered from Creston.
English Course.
U. of O.

WINONA FLANDERS

"The sweetest thing that ever grew beside a human door."
Entered from Gilbert.
Classical Course.
U. of O.

CHARLES GARDENHIRE

"He'll let them know that he's on this earth."
Entered from Clinton Kelly.
College Prep. Course.
North Pacific Dental.





RICHARD GARTNER

"We make way for the man who
boldly pushes past us."
Entered from Washington High.
College Prep. Course.

GINEVRA HINSHAW

"The force of her own merits makes
her way."
Entered from Richmond.
Language Course.
Girls' Polytechnic.

JOE HOCKMUTH

"I am not in the roll of common
men."
Entered from Creston.
College Prep. Course
O. A. C.

FRANK HUMPHREY

"A hard beginning maketh a good
ending."
Entered from Boise High.
College Prep. Course.
U. of W.

CLARENCE HUNTER

"They are never alone who are ac-
companied with noble thoughts."
Entered from Lents.
Scientific Course.
Dental College.

HELEN INSKEEP

"Faithful she is in each task small,
Competent, steady, a friend to all."
Entered from Arleta.
Language Course.
Normal.

WAVA JOHNSON

"She is as happy as the wave that dances on the sea."

Entered from Washington High.
English Course.
U. of O.

EVA JONES

"Holy, fair, and wise is she."

Entered from Richmond.
Home Economic Course.
Good Samaritan Hospital.

"Johnnie" Kekel
JOHN KEKEL

"Honest good humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting."

Entered from Richmond.
Scientific Course.
Business College.

GERALD KNAPP

"High erected thought seated in the heart of courtesy."

Entered from Creston.
Technical Course.
U. of O.

BEE LAKE

"Love me little, love me long."

Entered from Washington High.
College Prep. Course.
U. of O.

JOE LEAVITT

"He hath heard that men of few words are the best."

Entered from Sedro-Woolley, Wash.
Language Course.
O. A. C.





ELIZABETH LINDER

"It is always good to know, if only in passing, charming human beings."

Entered from Arleta.
Commercial Course.
O. A. C.

ARDATH LOSHER

"Her silence is the pathway to great things."

Entered from Richmond.
Commercial Course.
Emanuel Hospital.

ALBERTA MAPLE

"A clever brain in a pretty case."

Entered from Washington High.
English Course.
U. of O.

MARGARET MARTIN

"Broad in mind and short in stature."

Entered from Astoria High.
Home Economics Course.
O. A. C.

JESSE MEAD

"No fountain from its rocky cave,
E'er tripped with foot so free."

Entered from Jefferson.
College Prep. Course.

JOSEPHINE NELSON

"She is working hard for success."

Entered from Arleta.
Classical Course.
Reed College.

WALTER NEUBERT

"A proper man as all shall see."
Entered from Llewellyn.
English Course.
U. of O.

JANET NORTH

"A daughter of the gods, divinely
tall."
Entered from Mechanic Arts, St.
Paul.
College Prep. Course
U. of S. Calif.

TOM NORTH

"Confidence is the making of a man."
Entered from Mechanic Arts, St.
Paul.
College Prep. Course
Hamlin, St. Paul.

WAYNE OLSSON

"The good which bloodshed could not
gain, your peaceful zeal shall find."
Entered from Sunnyside.
English Course.
O. A. C.

JUNE PATTERSON

"Charms strike the sight, but merits
win the soul."
Entered from Lents.
Classical Course.
Nurse Training.

LAURA PATTON

"Small of stature, but big of heart."
Entered from Hoquiam Junior High.
English Course.
U. of O.





ELTON PHILLIPS

"He never dodges; he goes straight forward."

Entered from Clinton Kelly.
College Prep. Course
O. A. C.

DOROTHY PURDIN

"Never anything can be amiss when simplicity and duty tender it."

Entered from Richmond.
Language Course.
U. of O.

ELDRED PUTMAN

"He is as true as steel."

Entered from Jefferson.
Commercial Course.

DEVONA RABUCK

"Happiness makes the world go 'round."

Entered from Redfield, S. D.
Commercial Course.
Behnke-Walker

MARGARET REYNOLDS

"A girl with a rare ability in all she undertakes."

Entered from Richmond.
College Prep. Course

CLYDE RITTER

"There is manhood and goodfellowship in thee."

Entered from Woodmere.
Commercial Course.
O. A. C.

PAUL ROBLEY

"Better to give than to take."
Entered from Glencoe.
College Prep. Course.
O. A. C.

Paul Robley

ESTHER SAHLI

"No legacy is so rich as honesty."
Entered from Bertha High, Minn.
Language Course.
Study of Music.

Esther Sahli

ERNEST SALTA

"It hurteth not the tongue to give
fair words."
Entered from St. Helens.
English Course.
U. of O.

MILDRED SAMS

"Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are."
Entered from Richmond.
English Course.
U. of O.

DOLORES SHAND

"The hand that hath made you fair,
hath made good."
Entered from Richmond.
Spanish Course.
U. of O.

LOIS SHEETS

"I'll speak in a monstrous little
voice."
Entered from Lents.
English Course.
Business College.

Lois Sheets





Eloise Siegfried
ELOISE SIEGFRIED

"With kindly eyes and smiles of mirth.
Eloise does not lack in worth."
Entered from Clinton Kelly.
College Prep. Course.
U. of O.

JESSE SMITH

"Well arranged time is the best mark of a well arranged mind."
Entered from Jefferson High, Los Angeles.
English Course.
U. of O.

MARION SMITH

"Out of this nettle, we pluck this flower."
Entered from Clinton Kelly.
Language Course.
Normal.

EDNA STARRETT

"'Tis the mind that makes the body rich."
Entered from Arleta.
Home Economics Course.
Business College.

Ruth Snyder
RUTH SNYDER

"In our age most rare-simplicity."
Entered from Sunnyside.
Commercial Course.
Girls Polytechnic School.

LEE THOMAS

"As merry as the day is long."
Entered from Clinton Kelly.
Commercial Course.

JANE THOMPSON

"A little body doth often harbor a great soul."
Verndale, Minn.
English Course.
O. A. C.

HELEN TSCHOPP

"A jolly girl, full of fun."
Lower Logan, Oregon City.
Commercial Course.
Business College.

LUCILLE VAN BAVEL

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."
Entered from Woodmere.
Commercial Course.
Business College.

VIVA WELLS

"A quiet pleasing manner wins many friends."
Entered from Philomath High, Oregon.
Commercial Course.

NEPHI WESTERGARD

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."
Entered from Richmond.
Language Course.
U. of O.

LEWYN WHITMAN

"Dainty, delicate, divine—a pretty face, a master mind."
Entered from Arleta.
Home Economics Course.





JAN
J '25

THORNLEY WILLIAMS

"For every why he hath a wherefore."

Entered from Benson.
Industrial Course.
O. A. C.

NELLIE WILSON

"Steadfast, quiet, and true, this can be said of very few."

Entered from Salem High.
English Course.
Normal

Marguerite Wishard
MARGUERITE WISHARD

"Always the same to everyone."

Entered from Arleta
English Course.
Normal

BEATRICE YEREX

"Nothing is impossible to a willing heart."

Entered from Richmond.
College Prep. Course.
U. of O.

MISS HUGGINS

Honorary Member

"Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,

Make our earth an Eden like the heaven above."

MISS NEIKIRK

Faculty Adviser

"We have been friends together."

Extracts From Our Diary

Jan. 30, 1921—Dear Diary: Well, well, well! Franklin High School at last! What an exciting day it has been for us! It all began when we put our trembling feet inside the big school door! Where should we go? None of us knew, dear Diary, even when someone yelled, in a terrible voice, "All Freshies to the gym!" After a frantic search, we suddenly stumbled upon it by pure accident. Once we were within, a man, whom we later found to be Principal Ball, got up on the platform and gave us directions as to what to do and where to go. Then began the hopeless search for rooms. Oh, those "G" rooms and those "A" rooms surely are nightmares! But never mind, Diary dear, perhaps it will be easier after today. We wonder if we'll ever be walking through the halls as calmly as the upperclassmen did today! It doesn't seem possible.

March 17, 1921—Dear Diary: High school's lots o' fun, and the upperclassmen, great teasers though they are, seem to consider us a friendly bunch. And would you believe it? The haughty Seniors entertained us at a Freshman Frolic today, with jolly games and delicious refreshments. The main event was molding well-chewed gum into animals of all sorts and descriptions. It sufficeth to say that we astonished the Seniors with our skill! We surely did have a good time.

April 10, 1921—Dear Diary: Today was a great day! We had our pictures taken for The Post in our best bibs and tuckers, and, believe me, we looked too cute for words!

Sept. 3, 1921—Dear Diary: We came to school today to start another big term, not as freshies, but as freshmen. All we can think about now is will we ever get to be like those divine beings who call themselves Seniors?

Jan. 3, 1922—Perhaps you won't recognize us at first glance, dear Diary, but we are the very same January '25 Class, only not quite so green! What? You don't see much of a change? Why, we are **sophomores**, dear Diary! Gee, **don't** we feel big, though? And the other li'l freshettes coming on are too green to notice. My, but it's lots o' fun to pick on 'em!

Jan. 27, 1923—Dear Diary: "Ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'?" No longer freshies, no longer sophomores, but proud juniors! We are not so many in number—only about sixty-four of us, Diary dear—but, you see, we're quality, and not quantity.

1925 THE POST 1925

Jan. 28, 1924—Dear Diary: Ah! Doesn't it just thrill you through and through? We are **now** first term seniors, mind you. Our goal is drawing nearer and nearer. Pretty soon all other Franklinites must "stop, look, and listen!" for us.

Apr. 24, 1924—Dear Diary: The January '25 Class is coming into its own. We have been organized. We were enrolled at the first meeting, and, oh Diary dear, how good it seemed to see about sixty-five turn out at our first January '25 Class meeting! We elected our officers who are to help and guide us through our senior year. We are a fine class! (Mr. Ball and Mr. Melendy said so!) What an exhaustive and trying time we have had! 'Tis lucky for us that the election of class officers comes but once in our high school life. Every one in the class is competent and eager to have an office, and only six offices to be filled! First of all is Donald Graves, elected leader of our class, very clever in bringing the girls around and making them behave in class meeting. And of course as right hand helper of our leader, we elected Frances Hargrove, who seems gifted to manage boys. Then we looked about for a secretary who would put a little life into the minutes. (Minutes, dear Diary, are usually dry.) Needless to say, Diary dear, Zoe Sanders, the clown o' the class, was unanimously elected! But what is a class without a treasurer? Who could be trusted with such a mint of money? One look into Ruth Ramsey's large, trustworthy eyes decided us, and that office was filled with her. As sergeant-at-arms we knew that John Watkins could fill that bill. If any stray freshie or impudent soph should dare poke a nose into our sacred secret meetings, it wouldn't take "Little John" long to make him understand that "his room was preferable to his company." For Post editor we looked about for some hard-boiled chap who would be able to take knocks, and bear the brunt of chance criticism. There seemed to be only one capable of filling this office, namely, Hugh McGilvra. Him we elected without a dissenting vote.

June 7, 1924—Dear Diary: We will never forget the "Get-Together" picnic which we held today at Vancouver Lake. Oh, what a glorious time we had, especially in the flat-bottomed boats, getting our feet wet with the leaks and our heads wet with the rain! After a nice wet swim in the ice water, we famished fishes nearly cooked ourselves by standing on top of the fire. But when Miss Neikirk called, "Eat!" everyone, manners thrown to the winds, made a mad rush for the table. A few minutes later, nothing was left but dishes, which unfortunately could not be digested, so we didn't try to eat 'em.

Old Sol grinned all afternoon at us, but when we were ready to go home, he laughed outright at our conspicuous appearance. 'Twas the end of a perfect day.

1925 THE POST 1925

Sept. 2, 1924—You know, Diary dear, a short time ago we remarked what a glorious feeling it was to be juniors. Little did we know, or do the underclassmen know, what seniorship stands for in the full sense of the word! After four long years of work and play, we are finding our cup of joy full to the brim. Already have we entertained the little Freshies at a Frolic, and a lively bunch they are.

Oct. 4, 1924—Dear Diary: We had a swimming party last night at the Natatorium. No one, indeed, could have called us dignified. Such splashing! Such yelling!

Oct. 8, 1924—Today was "Loud Clothes Day"—the climax to our fun. Ha! Ha! How funny we did look! Even the most grim teachers were forced to crack smiles, and forgave us for neglected lessons. And we gave a "Mother Goose" program before assembly, too, dear Diary, which made the whole school sit up and take notice.

Oct. 16, 1924—Dear Diary: We went to a theatre party tonight at the Liberty Theatre to see what we looked like on "Loud Clothes Day." We looked like nuts, all right. The pictures were certainly good, though, especially of the "Two Dolls." Marion Smith was dressed like a little girl, and she was holding a baby doll in her arms. And you should have seen Hugh McGilvra, our Post editor, with his pretty pink shirt and dimpled knees, and Eva Jones in her little orange dress, and a big orange bow in her hair!—a perfect Jack and Jill. Oh! We mustn't forget to mention dear old Mother Goose, Diary dear, who smiled from the screen at us as she stroked her big goosie. But in reality 'twas our Omal Bell. Ha! Ha! It seemed queer to see ourselves for once as others see us!

Oct. 31, 1924—Dear Diary: Last night we had lots o' fun at the home of Viva Wells, celebrating Hallowe'en. The house was weirdly decorated with fantastic taste—witches, pumpkins, black cats, and all those mysterious things which go hand in hand with Hallowe'en. Many queer spooky shapes occupied the rooms last night, Diary dear, and you wouldn't have recognized us. After un-masking we spent the evening in dancing and games. We all certainly had a very enjoyable time.

Dec. 1, 1924—Dear Diary: The time to say good-bye is almost here. This term, short and sweet, will soon be over, and, with our sheepskins, we will soon go forth out into the cold, cold world. We have already had our individual pictures taken for The Post, we have selected our class play, "The College Widow," and we are now looking eagerly forward to the Prom—and, above all, dear Diary, towards graduation!

Finis.

Josephine Nelson,
Marion Smith.



Senior Class Play

The January '25 Class presented their play, "The College Widow", on Friday and Saturday nights, December 5th and 6th, in the Franklin gym. The play, a roaring comedy of college life, furnished excellent opportunities for character work. All members of the cast had the particular qualifications for their parts.

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jane Witherspoon, the college widow.....	Wava Johnson
Billy Bolton, a halfback.....	Donald Graves
Hiram Bolton, D.D., LL.D., a railroad magnate.....	Richard Gartner
Peter Witherspoon, A.M., Ph.D., president of Atwater College.....	Hugh McGilvra
"Matty" McGowan, a trainer.....	John Kekel
Hon. Elam Hicks, a state senator.....	Alfred Eykelbosch
"Bub" Hicks, a freshman.....	Charles Gardenhire
Jack Larrabee, a football coach.....	Clyde Ritter
Copernicus Talbot, a post-graduate tutor.....	Elton Phillips
"Silent" Murphy, a football recruit from the foundry.....	Donald Eagleton
"Stub" Tallmadge, a financially embarrassed student.....	Gerald Knapp
Tom Pearson, a right tackle.....	Eldred Putnam
Ollie Pearson, a student.....	Paul Robley
Dick McAllister, a student.....	Joe Leavitt
Bessie Tanner, an athletic girl.....	Eva Jones
Flora Wiggins, a waitress.....	Margaret Martin
Mrs. Primley Dalzelle, a reliable chaperone.....	Dolores Shand
Daniel Tibbets, a town marshal.....	Stephen Bates
Luella Chubbs, a town girl.....	Frances Hargrove
Bertha Lyson, a town girl.....	Marion Smith
Allie Cameron, a town girl.....	Margaret Reynolds
Cora Jenks, a town girl.....	Omal Bell
Josephine Barclay, a town girl.....	Laura Patton

The play was coached by Mr. Harrington and was a success when considered from both the artistic and financial viewpoint. No stage settings were used and the atmosphere had to be made entirely by the characters. The play was one of the best ever put on in Franklin.

A Visit

The air is sharp, the sky is clear, a cold easterly wind blows over the snow-covered city, for it is New Year's Eve of 1935. Three young ladies wrapped snugly in their fur coats are cordially received at a beautiful suburban home. The hostess is none other than Miss Abigail Neikirk, instructor of chemistry at Reed College, and the guests are the Misses Eva Jones, Winona Flanders and Dolores Shand, who have just arrived in Portland on their tour of the United States after a long tour of Europe. There, besides studying music, they have taken careful note of the social condition.

"Welcome home," exclaims Miss Neikirk. "You can imagine how happy I was to get your telegram that you would be able to come as you had promised."

"We were certainly pleased when Johnnie informed us that we might, since it was New Year's," replies Eva.

"Johnnie!" ejaculates the astonished hostess. "You don't mean John Kekel!"

"Certainly," they chorus.

"John has been our director for the past four years," explains Miss Shand. "We met him in Venice and one evening he had the bright inspiration of our forming a company. This we did and were received so well that we decided to tour the United States as soon as our European contracts expired. So here we are."

"But that isn't half of it," adds quiet Winona.

"Come, girls," says Miss Neikirk, "let's have a good time exchanging news, now that you've finished primping."

They step into a beautifully arranged room, where a crackling log in the wide fireplace lends a true homey cheer in contrast to the howling winter wind. Sinking leisurely into luxurious davenport and easy chairs, the four ladies, like true women, continue their chat.

"Now you can go on. Tell me all about the others," prompts the hostess.

"As I was saying," continues Miss Flanders, "that isn't half of it, for besides John there are twelve others, all from our class. They are now playing in eastern Washington before we join them in Seattle on the fifth."

"But, my dear girl, how did you ever get all of them together?"

"One or two at a time, along the way," chimes in Miss Jones.

"Yes. First, we met while studying in Paris; later John fell across our path, and, soon after, Olive Ash, who now leads our orchestra, joined us. She chanced upon us while we were trying out our scheme in sunny Florence. Omal Bell, who writes all our librettos, we picked up in foggy London. In our chorus of sixteen, six are old

Franklinites: Laura Patton, Devona Rabuck, Wava Johnson, Frances Hargrove, Margaret Martin, and Marion Smith. These girls, who were induced to sign our contract and play in the United States, have been with us for three years. You have, no doubt, heard that Alfred Eykelbosch is our comedian."

"Stranger truths are yet in store for you," exclaims Miss Jones in a mystifying tone.

"Yes, truly, for charming little Bee Lake is our hair dresser and Helen Inskeep designs all our costumes for both stage and everyday wear. She wants us to be different, and clever Helen certainly knows how. Do you know," queries Miss Shand, "that while we were in Los Angeles, we had the pleasure of a visit from Miss Catherine Douglas, Nephi Westergard's leading lady? The object of her visit was to ascertain the name of our Paris modiste. Of course Helen, and in fact all of us, were delighted at the compliment paid by such a distinguished person.

"While we were in Chicago, we were royally entertained. The Misses Elizabeth Linder, Margaret Reynolds, Dorothy Purdin and Zoe Sanders held a reception in honor of Mr. Hugh McGilvra's promotion to the professorship of Modern Languages in the University of Illinois. Mr. Ritter, Mr. Putnam, and Mr. Belyea, prominent lawyers of Philadelphia, and their secretary, Miss Ruth Barnes, were specially invited for the occasion."

"About the best fun I ever had was down in Texas on Frank Humphries' ranch," exclaims Miss Jones enthusiastically. "Riding over those prairies with John Watkins, Jesse Smith, Ernest Salta, and Clarence Hunter was so different from the night life of New York, Paris and London."

"Well," says Miss Neikirk, who has been listening with great interest, "I too, have some news. Knowing that you have no time to attend circuses, you probably do not know that a few of our old students are now employed by Ringling Bros. Fayette Burke is a graceful slack rope walker, Richard Gartner is a clever clown, June Patterson is showing her magnificent hair and Beatrice Yerex is their wardrobe mistress. At their last performance in Portland, they gave complimentary tickets to the big show to all their classmates who are here. So Mildred Sams, who edits "The Examiner," our new paper, and her reporters, Edna Starrett, Jane Thompson and Lucille Van Bavel; Tom and Janet North, of the North Airplane Company and their head salesman, Robert Helberg, all trooped merrily into the big tent. Naturally we had a good time."

"Have you heard anything about the others?" asks the hostess, while a neat maid serves a dainty afternoon repast.

"Yes," answers Miss Flanders. "Mildred Dunphy and Jessie Mead are rearing some lovely children in Pasadena. Back in crowded New York, Charles Gardenhire and Donald Graves are spending their days writing, the former devoting his time to beautiful poems and the latter writing plays. Donald is quite successful as a playwright.

"One day while we were walking through a picturesque part of that immense city, we happened into an artist's studio. A beautifully executed sign over the entrance contained the strangely familiar name 'Siegfried.' We surely surprised as well as delighted a group of our old friends, Eloise Siegfried, a sculptor, Lois Sheets, a painter, Marguerite Wishard, a song writer and the models Alberta Maple, and Helen Tschopp. They are doing a rushing business for several magazines."

"We had a most delightful time in Washington, D. C., for Senator Josephine Nelson, and Judge Wayne Olsson, showed us the various public buildings, and later took us to the secret service headquarters, where we were greatly and pleasantly surprised to find Joe Hockmuth, Elton Phillips and Thornley Williams," exclaims Miss Shand. "One of the features of the social life of that city is the recitals of Miss Viva Wells' and Mr. Gerald Knapp's ballet school. At Atlantic City the most popular life-guard is Donald Eagleton."

"No one ever would have believed that," exclaims the astonished teacher; "because Don was always so shy."

"Is it true," inquires Miss Jones, "that Lewyn Whitman and Ruth Snyder are now teaching at Franklin?"

"Certainly," answers Miss Neikirk. "Not only they but Walter Newbert is coaching the football team. If luck continues, they'll win the championship. If they win the deciding game tomorrow, Walter will have achieved his ambition."

At this instant the telephone rings and the hostess excitedly says, "I think that is my little surprise I've been waiting for. Will you excuse me a moment?"

The girls eagerly await her return. In two or three minutes she is back with a smile lighting up her face.

"Tell us quick!"

"Well, you no doubt know that Paul Robley is a surgeon. Today he and his three head nurses, Ruth Ramsey, Esther Sahli and Ginevra Hinshaw, successfully performed a remarkable operation."

The rest of the enjoyable visit is spent discussing the merits and accomplishments of their fellow classmates, until the arrival of John Kekel, who rounds up the other class members. They all troop merrily to a theater, after which they enjoy a gay get-together midnight supper.

(By One of the Guests.)

Class Will

Feeling that the hours of our corporal existence are drawing to a close and that the life which we have lived and loved for four brief years within the walls of Franklin High, is about to pass, we, the January Class of nineteen hundred and twenty-five, being in our right minds and in full possession of our senses, would pause to consider those whom we must leave behind. Hence, with trembling hand and tear-dimmed eye, we pen this solemn document as our last will and final testament, and, with mingled emotions of joy and sorrow we bequeath:

ARTICLE I

To the magnificent structure of our most beloved school:
 Section 1.—*The long cherished hope and now joyous anticipation that soon she will have two wings wherewith to fly to fame.*

Section 2.—*The desire that in the years to come she will continue to send forth as brilliant and successful classes as our own.*

ARTICLE II

Section 1.—*To our honored faculty, the further honor of being known as the instructors of the illustrious Class of January '25 and the privilege of referring, with excusable pride, to the extremely high quality of the finished product.*

ARTICLE III

Section 1.—*To Miss Neikirk, our faithful and considerate faculty adviser, the memory of having guided such a noble group safely through the storms of seniorship.*

Section 2.—*To our much revered honorary member, Miss Huggins, the history of our distinguished class and the honor we have acquired for Franklin, to be safely secured through future years.*

ARTICLE IV

Section 1.—*To the June '25 Class, our matchless record as scholars and leaders, for use as a pattern during their supreme reign next term.*

Section 2.—*To the Juniors, the courage to press on unfalteringly for one more year when they, too, will become mighty Seniors.*

Section 3.—*To the Sophomores, a few of our experiences, pleasant and otherwise, which have served to mold and shape us.*

Section 4.—*To the Freshmen, the right to trade their coat of green for one of a more brilliant hue.*

ARTICLE V

As individual members we leave the following:

1. *To some worthy freshman who will stay conscientiously at his post for four years, Olive Ash's important position in our orchestra as artist of the trap drums.*
2. *To Juanita Powell, Ruth Barnes' unbiased opinions on "Problems of the Modern Family".*
3. *To Vivian Conger, Omal Bell's inability to resist the soothing and soporific influence of her English classes.*
4. *To Manford Watt and Ray Bristow, Harold Belyea's and Walter Newbert's quiet and demure manner.*
5. *To Frances Wright, Fayette Burke's colorful blushes.*
6. *To "Joe" Price, Cathrine Douglass's coquettish, infant language.*
7. *To an aspiring couple, Mildred Dunphy's and Dolly Mead's "pull" with Dan Cupid.*
8. *To Laurence Kretzmeier, Alfred Eykelbosch's line of notable English descendants.*
9. *To Alice Kahlin, Winona Flander's unlimited supply of brilliant hosiery.*
10. *To David Epps, Charles Gardenhire's famous dictionary of bywords.*
11. *To "Hal" Runyon, Richard Gartner's ever-ready use of sarcasm.*
12. *To the next lucky(?) fellow, Donald Graves' dignified place in "Our Hall of Fame".*
13. *To Cara Ash and Tom Badley, Helen Inskeep's and Frances Hargrove's insurpassable deportment records.*
14. *To Marguerite Davis, Joe Hockmuth's bewitching dimples.*
15. *To Georgia Willard, a vest pocket edition of Ginevra Hinshaw's helpful book entitled "A Poor Excuse is Better Than None".*
16. *To Clare Scallon, Frank Humphrey's peroxide bleach.*
17. *To David Richards, Clarence Hunter's inexhaustable knowledge of chemistry.*
18. *To Mildred Shields, Wava Johnson's theatrical achievements.*
19. *To Mr. Enna, Eva Jones's "crowning glory".*
20. *To some one who will need it next year, John Kekel's successful impersonation of Mr. Down.*
21. *To some two lonely souls who need a bond of communion, Mildred Sam's and Bee Lake's mutual admiration and affection for each other.*

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22. *To Ronald Murray, Donald Eagleton's reputation as a football star.*
23. *To Miss Schmidli, Elizabeth Linder's merry, gurgling laughter.*
24. *To Roland Renfro and Maurice Douglass, Dorothy Purdin's and Alberta Maple's accomplishments in debate and oratory.*
25. *To Edith Lake, Margaret Martin's snappy black eyes.*
26. *To the next Post editor, Hugh McGilvra's unquestionable success as a journalist.*
27. *To Helen Shay, Ardath Losher's prescription for "chunkiness".*
28. *To Robert Muzzy, Josephine Nelson's faithful book satchel. (We think it will serve for another four years.)*
29. *To any of our worthy students who crave social prestige, Tom and Janet North's burst of popularity.*
30. *To Logan Reid, Wayne Olsson's membership in that most beneficial organization, "The Chewer's Club".*
31. *To Mrs. Trowbridge, June Patterson's matronly bearing.*
32. *To two freshmen who feel worthy of the place, and who will make a mark for Franklin, Eldred Putnam's and Margaret Reynold's places in the music department.*
33. *To Louise Craig, Devona Rabuck's scholarly "specks".*
34. *To a deserted little maiden who would appreciate a bit of attention, Ruth Ramsay's ardent admirer, Ralph Wickersham.*
35. *To Lyle Ashcraft for an aid in his advances toward Leta Kent, Paul Robley's brotherly regard toward Ruth Ramsay.*
36. *To those Franklinites who are in the habit of looking on the dark side of life and going around "with a chip on their shoulders", Esther Sahli's and Edna Starret's pleasing manners and cheerful personalities.*
37. *To some member of the June '25 Class who will find it difficult to decide upon a suitable disguise for the traditional day, Ernest Salta's charming Loud Clothes Day attire.*
38. *To Marie Walsh, Zoe Sander's exuberant, jovial laugh.*
39. *To Dick Chinnock, Lois Sheets' extremely studious nature.*
40. *To Catherine Blood, Eloise Seigfried's alluring brunette complexion.*
41. *To Glenna Heacock, Dolores Shand's literary talent.*
42. *To Paul East, Lucile Van Bavel's constant flow of words.*
43. *To Clarence Leisure, on condition that he will take good care not to spoil it, Marion Smith's baby doll.*

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44. To Billy Van Orman, Ruth Snyder's excessive length.
45. To "Dezzy" Anderson, Lee Thomas's bottle of effective "Star-curl".
46. To Miller Nicholson, the sergeant-at-arms of the student body, John Watkin's air of an officer.
47. To Clara Olsen, Viva Wells's love of elocution.
48. To Kenneth Roduner, Nephi Westerguard's incredible resemblance to the mystic Aladdin.
49. To Betty Hancock, Marguerite Wishard's record-breaking attendance at school.
50. To Ethel Womack, Nellie Wilson's modest, unassuming ways.
51. To Rosemary Brannan, Lewyn Whitman's promptness in getting in history reports.
52. To Frances Dixon, Jesse Smith's ability to "kid" the teachers.
53. To Merrill Sisson, Thornley Williams' "wild and woolly" nature.
54. To Maxine Thomas, Elton Phillips' reputation as a math shark.
55. To Mr. White, Gerald Knapp's "sheiky" haircut.
56. To some one who enjoys tongue-twisters, Helen Tschop's sneezy name.
57. To a person of a very quiet manner, such as Loren Hare, Steven Bate's extreme boldness!
58. To Harold Town, Joe Leavitt's much admired chivalry.
59. To Naomi McNish, Jane Thompson's love of noodles.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seals this twenty-third day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five.

—January 1925 Class.

Attorneys:

Beatrice Yerex.

Laura Patton.

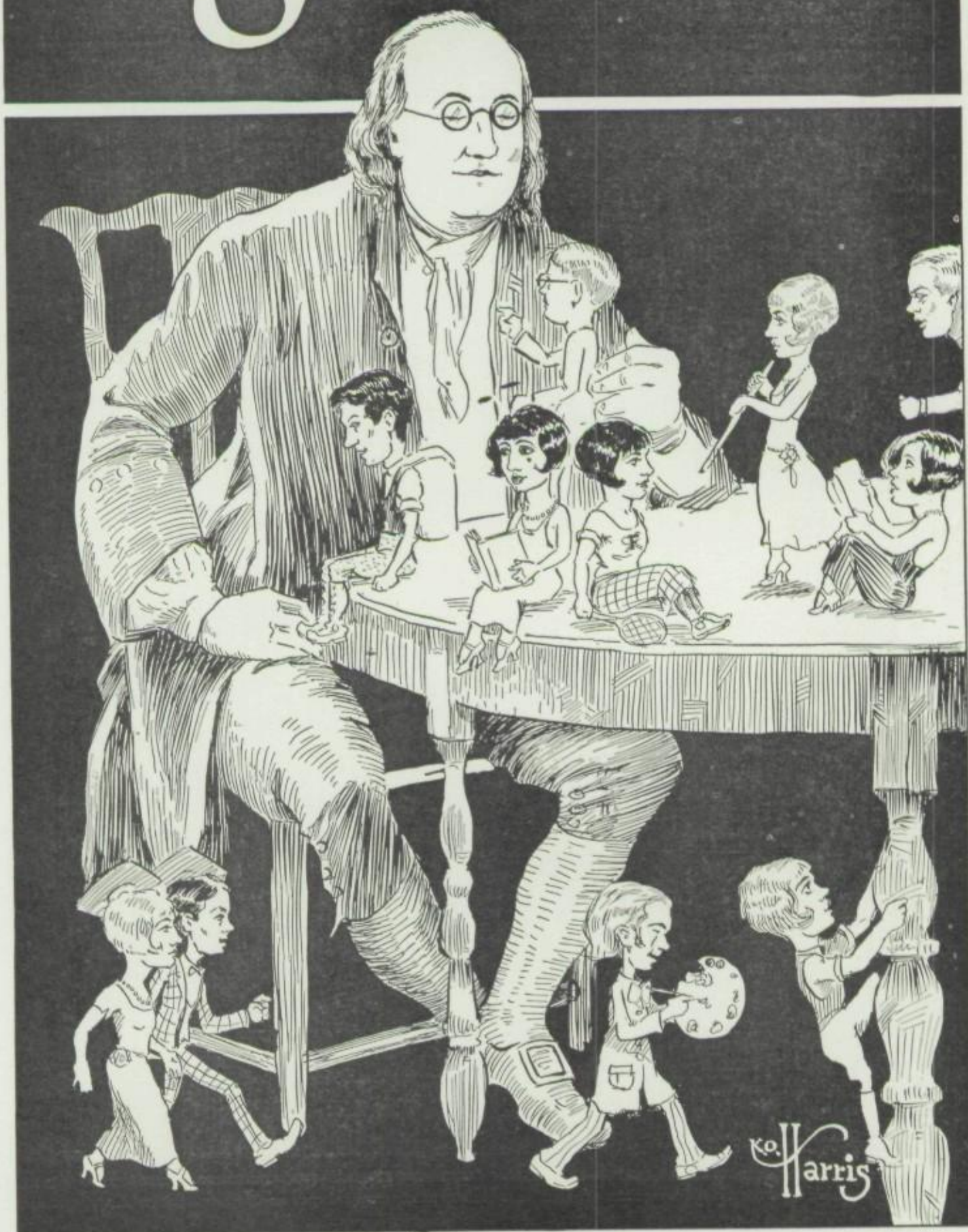
Ladder of Fame

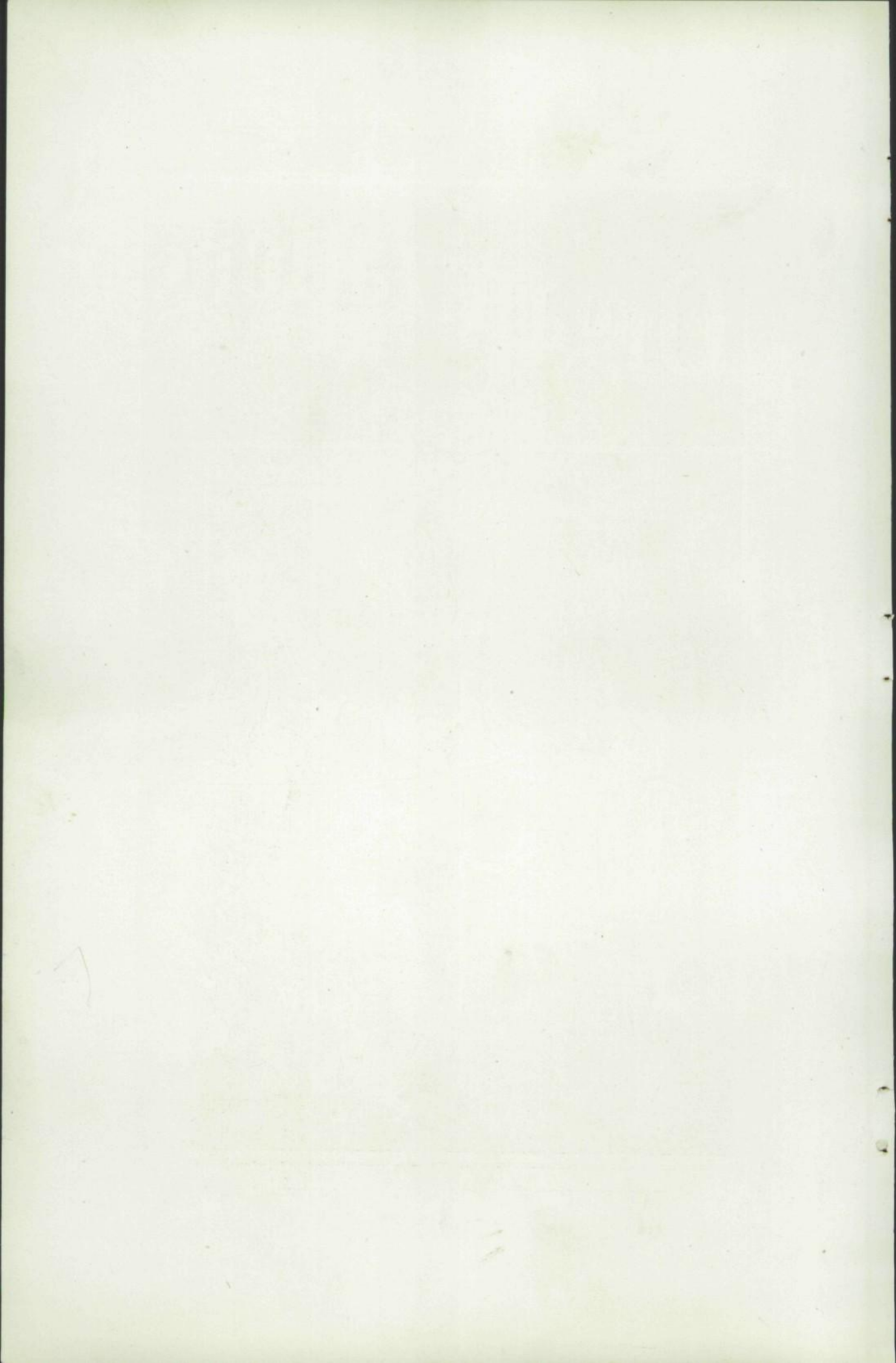
Name	Known as	Notable Characteristic	Ambition	Famous Saying
OLIVE ASH	"Ollie"	Foolishness	To be a dish-washer	"This is the limit."
RUTH BARNES	"Rufus"	Blushing	To butcher pigs	"I'll get it."
STEPHEN BATES	"Steve"	Messenger boy	To be a radio genius	"I'm not dead yet."
OMAL BELL	"Omabel"	Working	To be a toe-dancer	"That's the bunk."
HAROLD BELYEA	"Punk"	Getting lessons	To be an advertising agent	"What's today's assignment?"
FAYETTE BURKE	"Fay"	Flirting	To be courageous	"Oh, Heck."
CATHERINE DOUGLAS	"Tatawan"	Baby talk	To grow up	"Well, my goodness!"
MILDRED DUNPHY	"Midge"	Quietness	To keep Steve	"Oh, glory!"
ALFRED EYKELBOSCH	"Ike"	Having no money	To have younger teachers	"I have to study."
DONALD EAGLETON	"Eaglebeak"	Bashfulness	To be a great lover	"Do you think so?"
WINONA FLANDERS	"Winnie"	Her di position	To be an old maid	"Oh, well."
CHARLES GARDENHIRE	"Chuck"	Kidding	To be a chemistry shark	"Good-night!"
RICHARD GARTNER	"Dick"	Being funny	To be an author	"Don't be funny."
DONALD GRAVES	"Don"	Ability as Class President	To be speaker of the House	"The meeting will now come to order."
FRANCES HARGROVE	"Frankie"	Being late	To get "E" in deportment	"Oh, I'm early."
GINEVRA HINSHAW	"Ginny"	Demureness	To be the sweet lady she is	"Aw, g'wan."
JOE HOCKMUTH	"Terrible Turk"	Mud	To be here the day after a game	"I should say so."
FRANK HUMPHREY	"Hump"	Sleepiness	To be a Spanish shark	"Got a library slip?"
CLARENCE HUNTER	"Harence"	Track star at Lincoln	To grow up?	"I can't think."
HELEN INSKEEP	"Splinter"	Being quiet?	To be an old maid School teacher	"Hey, kids!"
WAVA JOHNSON	"Wave"	Making eyes	To start a school for bashful boys	"Honest, kid, honest."
CLYDE RITTER	"Pinky"	The lover	To hunt ants on the North Pole	"Thanks for the dance."
RUTH RAMSAY	"Ruthy"	Talking	To climb Mt. Everest	"Got some gum?"
PAUL ROBLEY	"Paul"	Willing heart	To get ahead	"Get out of my way."
EASTER SAHLI	"Ester"	Her hair	To study music	"Oh, gosh!"
ERNEST SALTA	"Ernie"	The shiek	To be a lawyer	"How should I know?"
MILDRED SAMS	"Sammy"	Pouting	To have curly hair	"Well, I don't care."
ZOE SANDERS	"Bobby"	Merry Pierrott	To be a secretary	"Got your math?"
DOLORES SHAND	"Pat"	Studying	To get a Ph.D. degree	"Hurry up!"
LOIS SHEETS	"Lois"	Being practical	To drive a Rolls-Royce	"Toot."
ELOISE SIEGFRIED	"Weez"	Her various scarfs	To give an answer	"I haven't got any."
JESSE SMITH	"Jess"	Being sarcastic	To be an apothecary	"Well, let's see."
MARION SMITH	"Skeesix"	Two dolls	To be a beauty specialist	"Aw, go on!"
RUTH SNYDER	"Ruth"	Worrying about her M-8 grade	To be small	"Where's Zoe?"

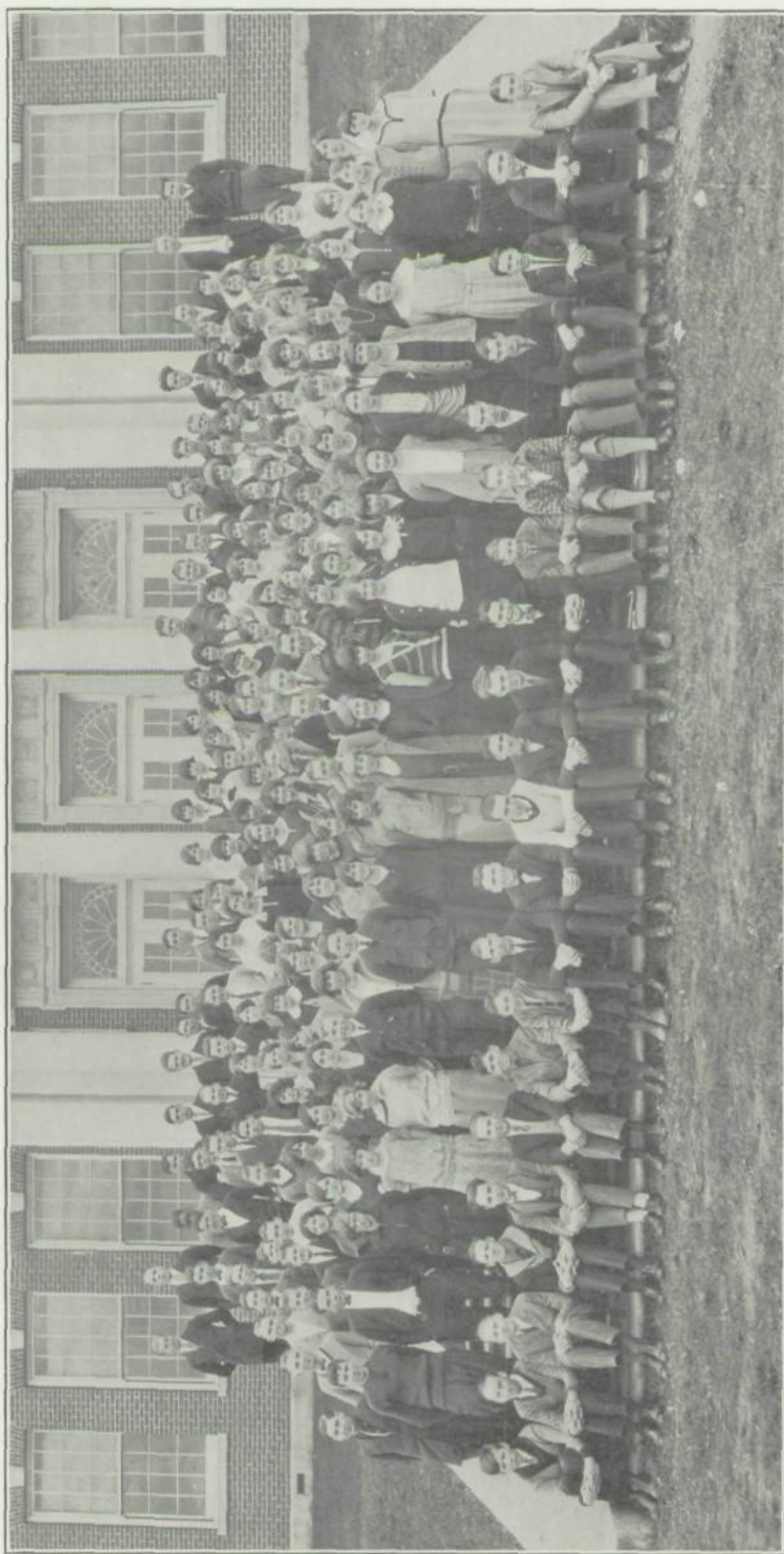
Ladder of Fame—Continued

Name	Known as	Notable Characteristic	Ambition	Famous Saying
EDNA STARRET	"Buster"	1890 flapper	To be a vampire	"Good-night!"
LEE THOMAS	"Lee"	His hair	Hasn't any	"No, listen."
JANE THOMPSON	"Gin"	Baby sister	To get along without sleep	"Say, kid."
HELEN TSCHOPP	"Len"	Liveliness	To be lucky in a leap year	"Where is your vanity case."
LUCILLE VAN BAVEL	"Cile"	Talking	To be a pen-pusher	"Oh! land!"
JOHN WATKINS	"Johnny"	Mike	To be a scissor grinder	"Here's that dime that I owe you."
VIVA WELLS	"Babe"	Mother Hubbard	To be an actress	"No, don't do that."
NEPHI WESTERGARD	"Rabbi"	Getting Chemistry	To catch up on sleep	"I ain't nuther."
LEWYN WHITMAN	"Windy"	Paint	To be a sculptoress	"Search me."
EVA JONES	"Ginger"	Kidding	Unknown	"Heck"
JOHN KEKEL	"Keck"	Working in Post Room?	Not to like more than one girl at a time	"Get ready, casket; I'm coming."
GERALD KNAPP	"Jerry"	Stacomb	To be a second Valentino	"Really!"
BEE LAKE	"Bee"	Cutting study periods	To be a bell-hop	"Whee!"
JOE LEAVITT	"Joe"	Football	To get his French	"Oh! You'd be shocked."
ELIZABETH LINDER	"Betty"	Blushing	To be a dancing instructor	"Wouldn't bear repeating."
ARDATH LOSHER	"Ardath"	Learning	To be a friend	"Same to you."
ALBERTA MAPLE	"Bert"	Giggling	To have a good time	"My Word!"
MARGARET MARTIN	"Winnie"	Swiping pencils	To be big	"Is that so?"
JESSIE MEAD	"Dolly"	Mrs.	To go out nights	"Be yourself."
HUGH MCGILVRA	"Hughie"	Jack	To be a piano tuner	"Get your material in."
JOSEPHINE NELSON	"Jo"	Arguing	To teach school	"Oh, I don't think so."
WALTER NEUBERT	"Speed"	Silence	To be a golf star	"Fore."
JANET NORTH	"Jan"	Curly hair	To go to Europe	"Well, why not?"
TOM NORTH	"Lord"	Traveling	To be a football star	"Yah—nice people."
WAYNE OLSSON	"Sure Foot"	Cowpuncher	To be a cartoonist	"I reckon."
LAURA PATTON	"Little One"	Sunniness	To be a nurse	"My goodness!"
JUNE PATTERSON	"July-August"	White hair	To educate the masses	"Oh, gracious!"
ELTON PHILLIPS	"Elt"	Pirate	To acquire a harem	"I never swore in my life."
DOROTHY PURDIN	"Dot"	Hurrying Laura	To be a librarian	"Aw, come on."
ELDRED PUTMAN	"Put"	Smiles	To shoot baskets	"Oh! Cora."
DEVONA RABUCK	"Donnie"	Being in 33	To be a stenographer	"Oh, kid!"
MARGARET REYNOLDS	"Peggy"	Talking with Mr. Walsh	To be an opera singer	"Mr. Walsh says —"
THORNLEY WILLIAMS	"Thorny"	Wild and woolly	To be tamed	"Oh, Liddy."
NELLIE WILSON	"Kelly"	Getting mad	To get thin	"Oh, Gee!"
MARGUERITE WISHARD	"Sis"	Being absent	To be a soda fountain clerk	"Oh, I forgot."
BEATRICE YEREX	"Bea"	Pleasing everyone	To be an artist	"Oh, Pshaw."

Organizations



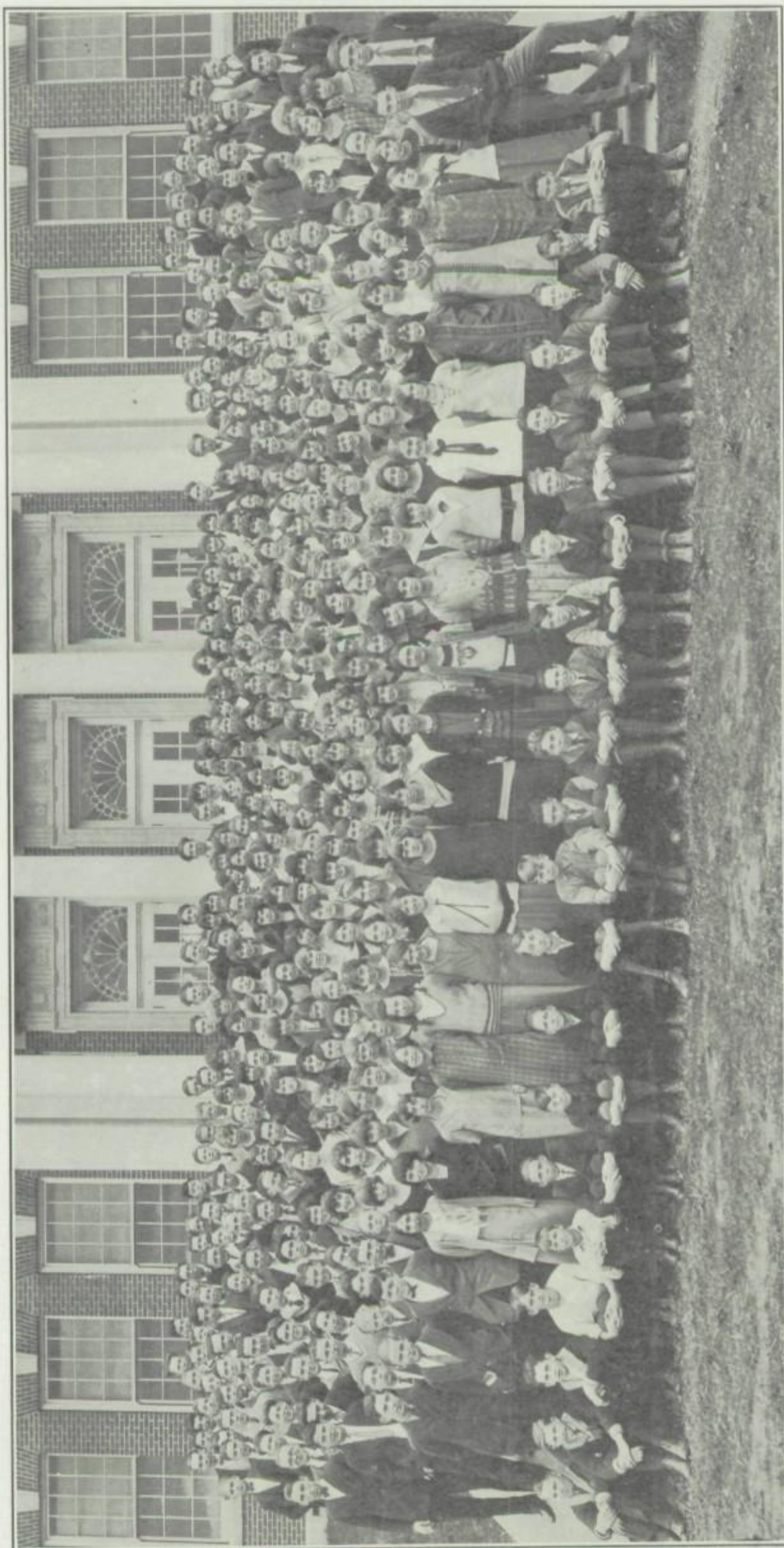




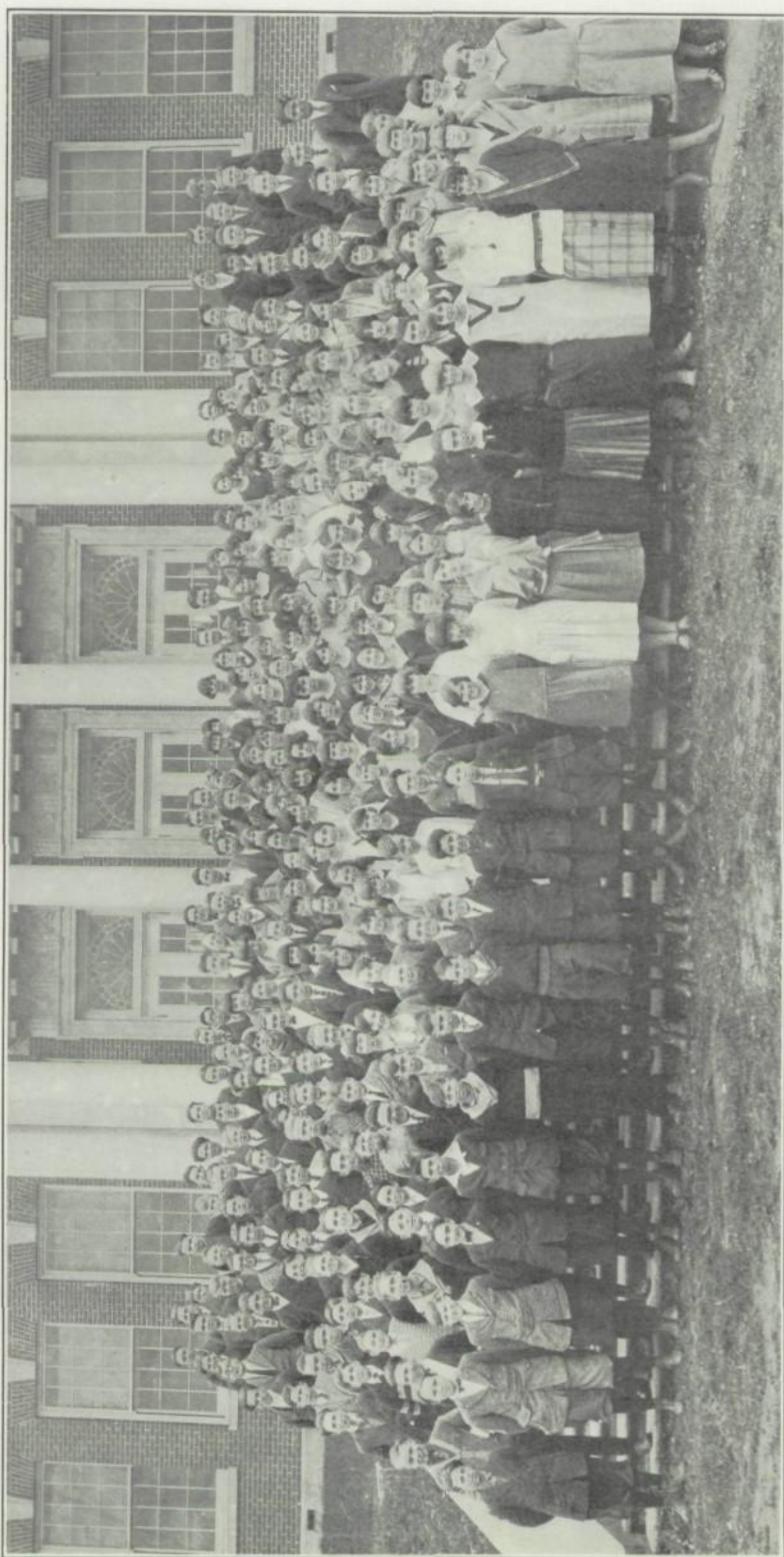
JUNE '25 CLASS



JUNIORS



SOPHOMORES



FRESHMEN

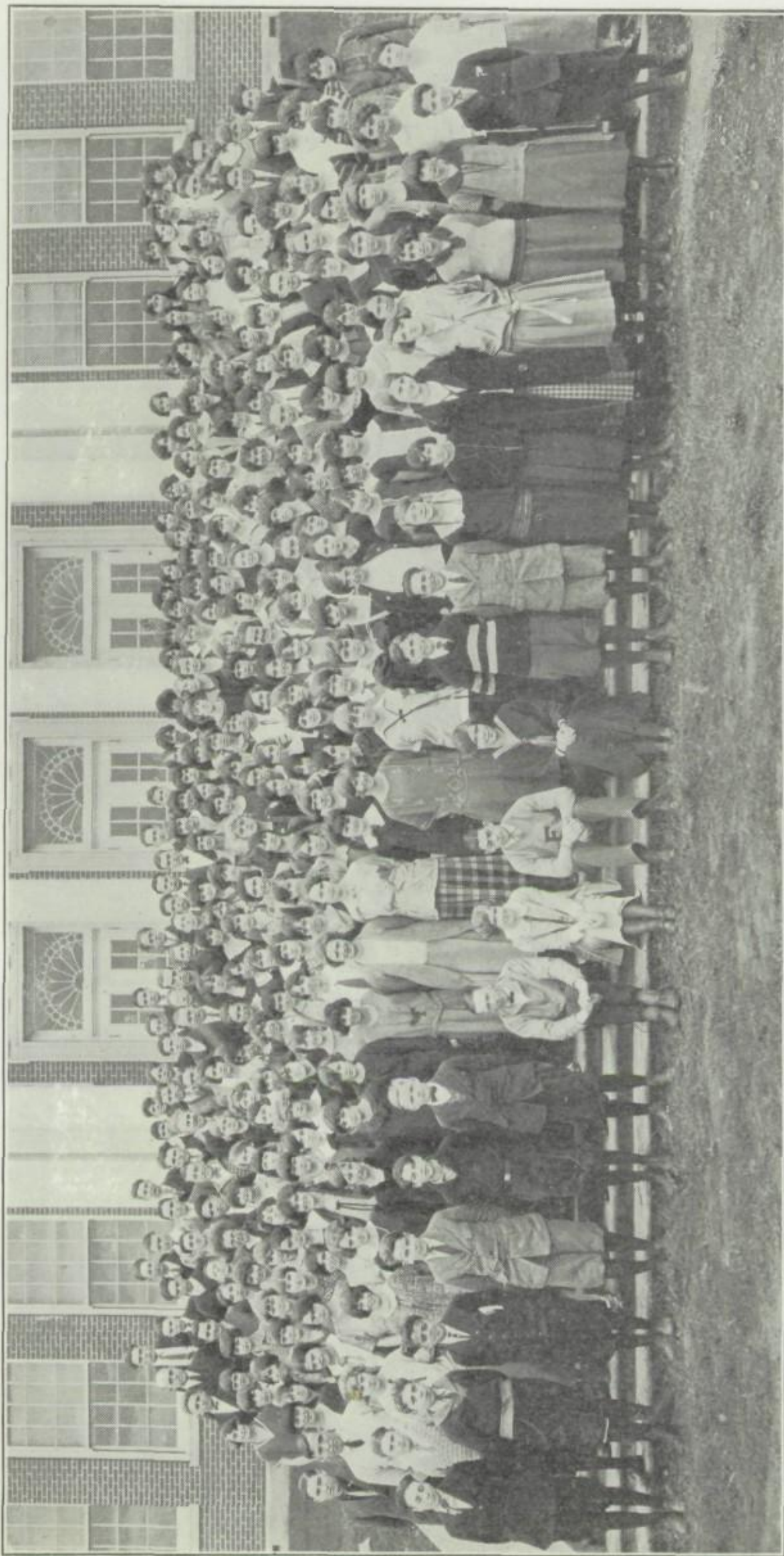


Student Body

<i>President</i>	ROBERT FOSTER
<i>Vice-President</i>	HAROLD KELLY
<i>Secretary</i>	HELEN FORS
<i>Advisory Committee</i> ...	TED POPE, DESMOND ANDERSON
<i>Fire Chief</i>	MELROSE PFLAUM
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	MILLER NICHOLSON

The Student Body is made up of one thousand four hundred forty-two live, enthusiastic students. Its purpose is to promote co-operation among the students and to help determine the spirit and the policies of the school, so far as they concern the activities of the students.

Furthermore, it assists, when necessary, students after graduation from high school. Section eight of the Constitution provides that "Twenty per cent of the net proceeds from all functions given by any organization shall be turned over to the Franklin High School Association Scholarship fund, except that in case of athletics ten per cent of net proceeds for the school year shall be so used." The money so obtained, is loaned to worthy Franklin High School graduates who need assistance in working their way through college. The loans are made without interest if paid when due. They are usually paid within a year from the time of the receiver's graduation from college, when it becomes available for the help of someone else.





The Commerce Club

<i>President</i>	DESMOND ANDERSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	CLYDE RITTER
<i>Secretary</i>	NAOMI MCNISH
<i>Treasurer</i>	MILDRED WILLIAMS
<i>Editor</i>	LAWRENCE WARREN

When the Commerce Club was started in 1921 it was with the aim that at some time in the future the club should be the biggest and best in Franklin and would do more for its members than any other club. Through the years the club grew in size and importance until at the present time it has almost attained its goal. A member of the club today belongs because he knows he will get outside commercial knowledge. The purpose of the club is to give opportunities for the students to take part in school affairs and to help Franklin in any way. Mr. White was the founder of the Commerce Club and it was with his expert advice and help that it has prospered so. The club runs a book exchange at the beginning of each term, it issues bulletins, it donates books to the library, it keeps the typewriters in repair, it buys calculating machines so that all students who take commercial work will get the advantage of them.

There are many things the club would like to do but these will probably be started next term: a savings bank for the school, a commercial products museum, an employment agency for graduates and other useful things for Franklin.

The club sponsored a dance Hallowe'en, gave a successful pie sale, had a get-together party in the school gym, and issued "The Pen Pushers" which were sold successfully, and held very beneficial meetings, and planned one or two field trips. Excellent membership at the meetings has been shown, an average of one hundred sixty students attending.

Lawrence Warren, Editor.



School Daze

The Franklin "School Daze" was founded by Robert H. Down, head of the history department, in 1921. Irving Brown was the first editor. The paper aims to give the students the school news, and bits of wit and wisdom for their intertainment and instruction. The money made is spent for books for the school library.

This term the paper has been so successful, that it has been enlarged several times. The staff at present consists of:

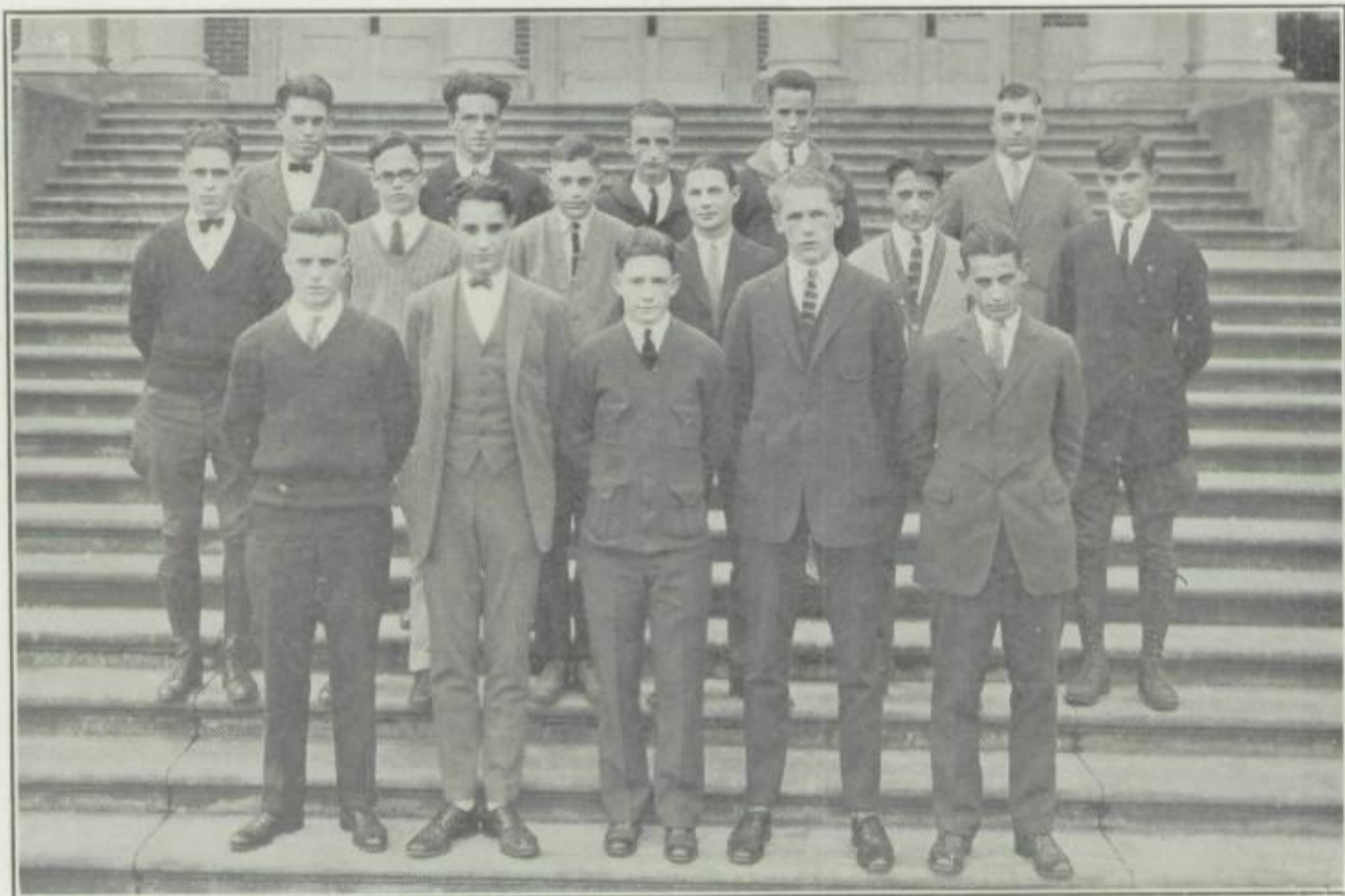
Editor-in-chief, Anne Wade; News and assistant editor, Lawrence Warren.

Departmental editors: Literary, Juanita Powell; Society, Manota Marohn; Sports, Roland Renfro; Music, Leonard Barnett; Jokes, Manford Watt; Feature, Clare Scallon.

Managers: Business, Lalove Franklin; Advertising, Harold Boon.

Reporters: Catherine Blood, John Littlehales, Lavelle Alexander, Elaine Henderson, Wayne Olsson.

Faculty Advisers: Mr. R. H. Down, Miss Schmidli, Miss Richards, Miss Churchill.



Illuminati

<i>President</i>	ROBERT MERRICK
<i>Vice-President</i>	PAUL EAST
<i>Secretary</i>	ROBERT RANKIN
<i>Treasurer</i>	PAUL SCHOEM
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	DONALD PRATT

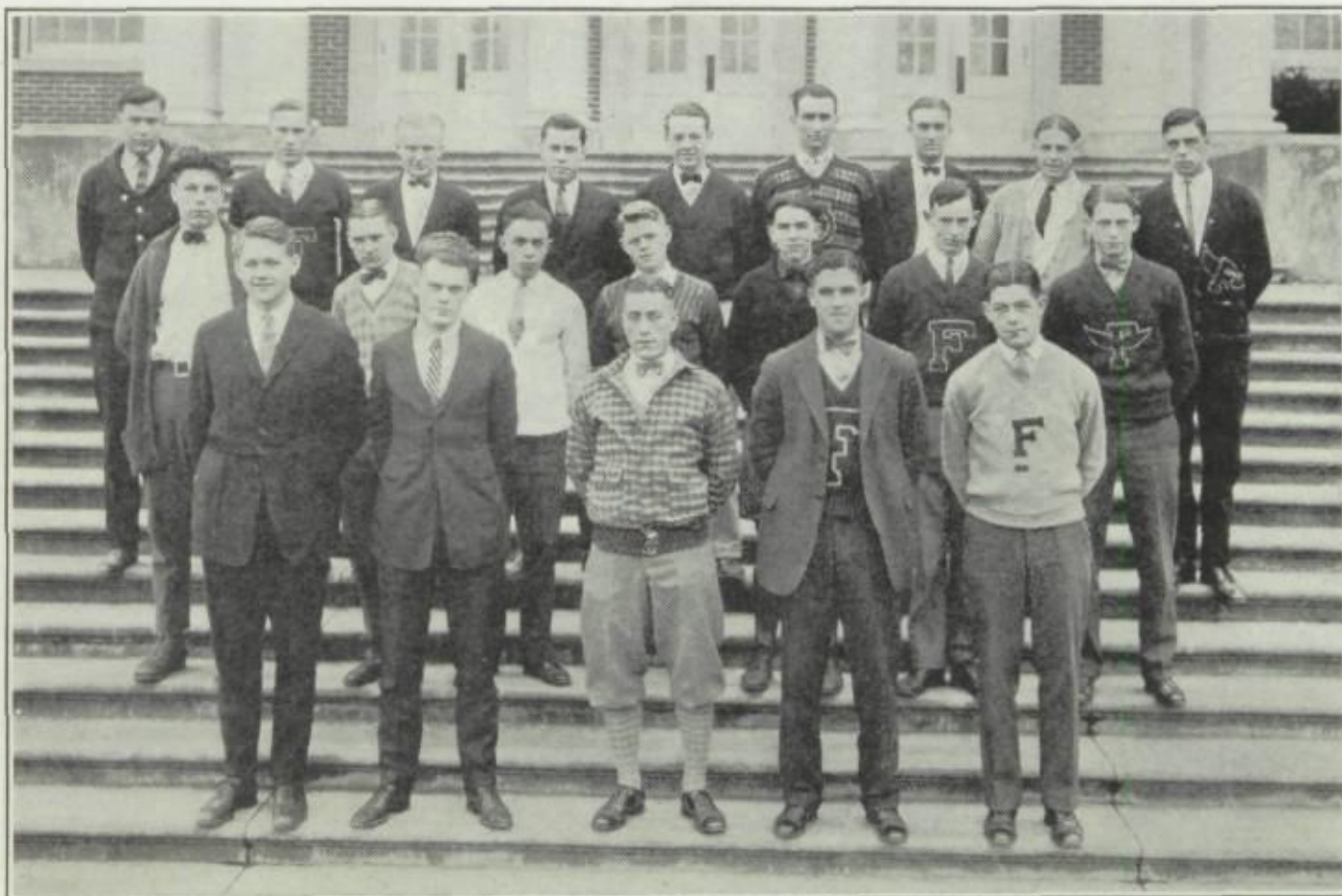
Although the Illuminati is one of the newer clubs of the school, it claims a high standing among the students.

It limits the number in the club to twenty-five and aims to select only the students who are wide-awake by doing things around Franklin.

It believes that Franklin activities should be backed to the limit and stands back of the Student Body one hundred per cent.

Furthermore, the club has always encouraged the betterment of scholarship and makes it one of the requirements for membership. The members feel certain that they have accomplished much along this line.

“If it can help Franklin, the Illuminati is for it.”



Hi-Y

<i>President.....</i>	HAROLD KELLY
<i>Vice-President.....</i>	TED POPE
<i>Secretary.....</i>	DESMOND ANDERSON
<i>Treasurer.....</i>	MAURICE DOUGLASS
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms.....</i>	NEWELL DIXON

The Hi-Y club endeavors to choose its members from students who stand out for their executive ability and leadership in school activities.

The club endeavors to support the school by contributing to its funds and by providing pep in student gatherings.

It supervises the "County Fair", one of the outstanding events of the school season, held every December. The proceeds of this affair are always given to the Student Body fund.

The club at the present has its full quorum of members and is in full swing.



Tri Y

<i>President</i>	LETA KENT
<i>Vice-President</i>	NAOMI MCNISH
<i>Secretary</i>	BARBARA BROWN
<i>Treasurer</i>	ALICE BROWN

The Tri Y Club is composed of thirty-eight junior and senior girls.

At the meetings, which are held twice a month, educational topics, such as vocational guidance, are discussed. At a recent meeting the subject, China, was featured throughout the program, even to a Chinese dish being served by girls in Chinese costumes.

Each term a definite program is followed by all Tri Y Clubs. In the first week of each month there are committee meetings. At the inter club council meetings, held every month, plans and problems are discussed.

A pie sale was given on November 29. Also plans are being made for a rummage sale.

A week-end trip was made to Rock Creek Camp on October 28. Also the members enjoyed a "stag" party at the home of Frances Dixon on November 28.



The Franklin Forum

<i>President.....</i>	GLENN DAUGHERTY
<i>Vice-President.....</i>	GLENN HEACOCK
<i>Secretary.....</i>	ALICE MONTGOMERY
<i>Treasurer.....</i>	ARLIE LOCKWOOD
<i>Editor.....</i>	LAWRENCE WARREN

The Franklin Forum was started to give its members a chance to show their knowledge of public speaking; to increase interest in parliamentary law, and to further debating. Mr. Harrington is the faculty adviser this year and he is a very fine one and gives excellent help to his English VII students, who make up the Forum. The club has given a sale, planned a booth for the Country Fair, and generally taken part in school activities. Meetings are held every two weeks and the club members furnish the programs.

Lawrence Warren, Editor.



The Agora

<i>President.....</i>	EDWIN FRASER
<i>Vice-President.....</i>	MAXINE THOMAS
<i>Secretary-Treasurer.....</i>	HARRIET BACKEN
<i>Editor.....</i>	BERTHA BUFORD
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms.....</i>	MILLER NICHOLSON

The Agora was organized this term for the purpose of giving the members of Miss Marie Smith's E7 classes practice in parliamentary law, debating and public speaking. At present only students in Miss Smith's E7 classes are eligible for membership. All members are expected to take an active part in the work of the club. Class credit is given students who do take part in the regular programs, which are held every other week.

"Agora" is a Greek word, the meaning of which is primarily "a place where things are done"; later meanings are "a market place", "mass meeting" and "an assembly".



CLARA OLSSON
Junior President
MISS TOWNSEND
Junior Adviser
MISS FIELDS
Freshman Adviser

RUTH RAMSAY
Senior President
MRS. WILSON
General Adviser
HARRIET KLUMPP
Freshman President

MISS REEVES
Senior Adviser
WILMA COUEY
Sophomore President
MISS ARMSTEAD
Sophomore Adviser



The Girls' League

Another term has elapsed during which the Girls' League has continued its good work and has answered up to its standards of leadership, service, character, and scholarship.

There are now approximately one hundred and fifty members in the entire League with an average attendance of one hundred twelve girls at the regular meetings. The meetings, held every other Wednesday, are intensely interesting. Business is brought up, discussions and debates follow, new subjects are discussed, committee reports are heard, and frequently it is the pleasure of the girls to have a speaker for the general meeting.

The League has a scholarship fund of two hundred dollars which is given each year to some deserving member who answers up to the League requirements. The girls themselves keep the fund up by money taken in from sales and entertainments.

The work of the League is done through committees which are: Social Service, Publicity, Philanthropic, Initiation, Absent and Sick, Ways and Means, Decoration and Big Sister. All of these committees are functioning and each in its own way is furthering the cause of the Girls' League. The Big Sister committee, recently started in active work, deserves special recognition, for it is the instrument by which freshmen girls are made acquainted with the various clubs and organizations, as well as with Franklin High in general.

The League acknowledges the services of those faculty women and the girls who have given much time on the various committees.

The officers for the four divisions of the League are:

SENIORS

<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	MISS REEVES	<i>Secretary</i>	JUANITA POWELL
<i>President</i>	RUTH RAMSEY	<i>Treasurer</i>	DOROTHY PURDIN
<i>Vice-President</i>	DOROTHEA LENSCH	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	ELAINE STOKES

JUNIORS

<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	MISS AILEEN TOWNSEND	<i>Secretary</i>	ALICE KAHLIN
<i>President</i>	CLARA OLSSON	<i>Treasurer</i>	LUCIA MURRAY
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARTHA HILANDS	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	MALA GUDMUNDSON

SOPHOMORES

<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	MISS ARMISTEAD	<i>Secretary</i>	GRACE VATH
<i>President</i>	WILMA COUEY	<i>Treasurer</i>	EVELYN SHONER
<i>Vice-President</i>	HOPE PERRY	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	MARY BEHARA

FRESHMEN

<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	MISS FIELDS	<i>Secretary</i>	RUTH SMITH
<i>President</i>	HARRIET KLUMPP	<i>Treasurer</i>	ELIZABETH KELLY
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARGARET METCALF	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	ALICE HUNTER

Juanita Powell, Secretary.



Scholarship Club

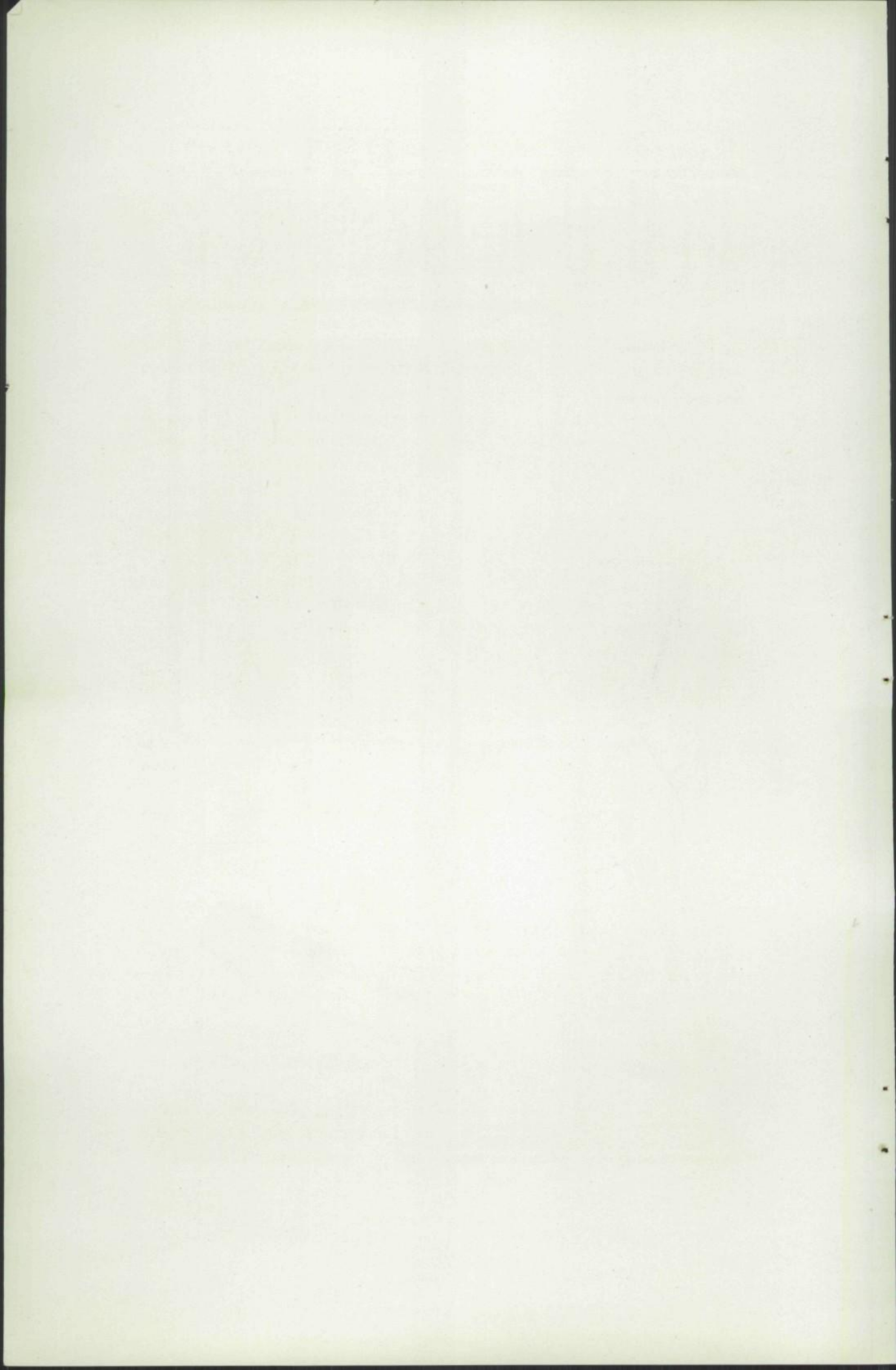
<i>President</i>	JUANITA POWELL
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARTHA HILANDS
<i>Secretary</i>	LUCIA MURRAY
<i>Treasurer</i>	JOHN MILLS

The Scholarship Club is a new organization in the realm of Franklin activities. A scholarship pin, given by the Student Body for a term average of "E" in four solid subjects, and not less than a "G" in additional subjects, is the membership requirement.

Although the Scholarship Club has been organized only two months, two important accomplishments stand out. The first is a Oregon historical play, "Christmas on the Pacific—1805," written by the literary committee. The eighth grade of Creston Grammar school will present this play before the coming Oregon State Teachers' Association meeting in Portland during the holidays. The second feature is the assembling of the essential information about Franklin in the form of a letter, which is to be presented this Spring term to the future freshmen of Franklin. Smaller details have received equally diligent care.

LIBRARY.





Forget-Me-Not

By ROBERT F. MUZZY

He was a small stoop-shouldered man wearing a look of chronic worry and a well worn suit of gray tweed. He glanced furtively about, nervously shifting the packages he carried. Avoiding the light, he crossed the street and stationed himself in the shadow of a tree in front of a brightly illuminated residence.

The scene within was one of expectant festivity. A woman of generous proportions teetered about on French heels, while a slender girl not more than sixteen flitted daintly here and there.

The look of worry deepened on the watcher's face, quickening him to definite action. Hurrying into a side street, he hid his packages in a convenient hedge. He then crept back to the back porch which he endeavored to climb. His foothold on the banister slipped and he fell backwards into the arms of a policeman, who said, "You come with me. I've had my eye on you ever since you got off the car."

The man in gray tweed slumped, and began to sputter,—“But—but—but—but,—”

“Cut the motor boat racket,” the policeman ordered as he jerked the prisoner none too gently into the alley.

“But—I—I live here I tell you—I—I—”

“Quite likely,” retorted the blue coat. “I suppose you was goin’ to jump down the chimney, Santa Claus fashion. All right, Santa, we’ll go to the front and meet the Missus—.”

“No. My God, no!” wailed the gray tweed. “Don’t do that. T-t-take me away anywhere—I—”

“Cut the sob stuff and don’t worry. You’re going to jail,” consoled the officer, as he gathered up the hidden packages.

Upon their arrival at the police station, they examined the loot. The packages contained: forty-eight beautiful roses, one dozen white carnations, sixty-nine pink carnations, one baseball and glove; while from his pockets they took: one gold lavalier, one gold bracelet, a bunch of keys, a small, unlabeled bottle of colorless fluid, and thirty-seven cents.

“Not one scrap of paper to prove identity. Didn’t I tell you?” the blue-coat triumphantly boasted. “Look at that bottle. Nitro, I’ll bet.”

“No-no—” the gray tweed moaned. “That’s eye water,—and—and, I tell you I live there. My wife— Let me explain for God’s sake, let me explain!”

“Explain then, why don’t you?”

"It's like this," the man answered, clearing his throat and pulling at his wilted collar. "This morning as I left for the office my wife said: 'I suppose you know what day this is,' and I said: 'Certainly, my dear, I've had it in mind for a week.' She never forgets a date. Never. She's a—a fiend on anniversaries. For fifteen years she has never forgotten a single one, and she expects me to remember them all."

A look of understanding warmed the sergeant's countenance as the man floundered on: "—And—and this morning she looked serious, as if it were more important than usual, but I didn't worry for I have all the dates written down in my notebook. The last date I forgot happened to be her mother's birthday and she was—my but she was—well, anyway she said—she said she would leave me if it ever happened again, and she'd do it too, sir. She's a—a capable woman," he finished weakly.

"Go on," the sergeant prompted, not unkindly.

"This being Saturday, it was a busy day, but I was through by five o'clock. I thought I had better see what date it was so I could buy a present on the way home. I felt in my vestpocket for the notebook, but it wasn't there. I changed clothes this morning and I must have forgotten my notebook. It's awful, awful. Life is just one blamed anniversary after another. To save my soul I can't think what date this is. But I rushed out and bought a present for every date I could think of. I used to give her roses on her birthday, one for each year. I used to give her mother pink carnations. She lived with us. She's dead now, but it doesn't help matters much, only one more date to remember, for my wife expects white carnations on the anniversary of her death, and she still keeps her birthdays the same as when she was living."

He mopped the perspiration from his face and neck reaching well under the limp collar. Even his captor looked on with something like compassion in his eyes.

"The ball and glove are for Edgar Allen, our son, if it happens to be his birthday. I think he's fourteen. It might be Bernice's birthday; she's our daughter, and she's been having a lot to say about sweet sixteen lately, so I got the necklace for her. By George, I feel sure it's hers. She looked so happy this morning."

He brightened, but only for a moment, then continued, "The bracelet is for my wife if it is our wedding anniversary. Honest, I was only after my notebook to see which present to take in. I had to have my notebook. Surely you can see that. If Conrad would only come! He was the policeman on our beat last year, and knows me well, but of course he had to quit and become a lawyer. I tell

you— Oh, here he is now!" he exclaimed joyfully, as a big, distinguished looking man hurried into the room.

"Harlow, of all men! What in the devil are you doing here?" the newcomer asked, breathless with surprise.

"Do you know this man, Mr. Conrad?" asked Police Sergeant Renfrew respectfully, for Conrad was now a lawyer of importance.

"Know him? I should say I do. He's—"

"Does he live at 6030, 46th Street Southeast?" again interrupted Renfrew.

"He certainly does. Mrs. Conrad and I are invited there tonight to help celebrate a birthday party and—"

But the small man in gray tweed clutched Conrad's coat lapels in a death grip, and with supernatural strength rocked that two hundred and fifty-three pound attorney back and forth, as he frantically demanded, "Whose birthday, Conrad? For God's sake whose birthday?"

And Conrad, his face blank with amazement, cried out, "Whose? Why man alive, are you bug-house? It's your birthday."

Franklin Girl

(Apologies to Whittier)

Blessings on thee, Franklin girl,
Laughing eyes and hair acurl.
With thy school bag on thy arm,
With thy soul that knows no harm,
With thy step so light and free,
With a voice that's full of glee,
From thy heart thy love unfurl—
Blessings on thee, Franklin girl.

Blessings on thee, Franklin girl,
Worth the price of any pearl.
With a gladness in thy heart
Caused by joy thou dost impart,
With a smile that beams on all
As thou lightly tread'st the hall,
From thy heart thy love unfurl,
Blessings on thee, Franklin girl.
Juanita Powell.

Somebody

Somebody's always preachin'
And sayin', "Don't do that."
No matter what I'm doin',
No matter where I'm at.

Somebody's always talkin'
'Bout how mean I used to wuz,
And 'lowin' how I still am
'Cause I pull the old cat's fuzz.

Somebody's always sayin'
That I'll never 'mount to much,
Just 'cause I steal Ma's pumpkin pies
An' gingerbread and such.

Somebody's always growlin'
If I peak and want to see,
When at Christmas they bring presents
That I know are meant for me.

Somebody's always thinkin'
It's time I went to bed.
An' if I say, "It ain't eight yet."
I'm sure to hear, "'Nough's said."

Now I want some one to tell me
What is a kid to do?
Don't big folks ever stop to think
That they wuz kids once, too?

There ain't no use to argue
Big folks *must* have their way—
I'll be the bestest kid I can—
And I'll grow up—some day.

Juanita Powell

The Test

By MANOTA MAROHN

Bob Wade, the young football coach and chemistry teacher of Lexington College, sat in his hot little office correcting papers. His mind was not on his work and he soon found himself gazing wistfully at a couple walking across the campus. As he watched, his brows drew together in a frown and he turned back to his scowling.

A year ago he had been a senior in this same college. He and Patricia Phillips had been engaged and the match had seemed ideal. Bob was well liked, a fraternity man, and star player on their famous football team. Pat was a junior then, popular and high spirited. A beautiful companionship between the two had developed into love, and now because of a silly lovers' quarrel, they had broken off, and she was seen constantly with the present captain of the football team, Harry Wells, a tall, good looking, careless fellow, whom the college had elected to idolize when they lost Bob Wade.

Harry had been failing lately in his work and the whole school had watched with breathless interest Pat's effort to help him through. Much depended upon the boy in the coming football game for the championship and good wishes were on his side. Yet Bob knew that his chances to play depended on his chemistry grade, and he was his chemistry teacher.

With feverish interest he ran through the papers on his desk until he found the paper he wanted, then with slowly whitening face he went over it again and again. It was an utter failure, and staring at it did no good. The facts were simply not there. He buried his head in his arms there on the desk and murmured through clenched teeth, "Why should I have to be the one to do this? They'll think I did it for spite because of Pat, and I do need him for the team."

For an hour he sat there undecided, swayed by the contending arguments. He knew he faced harsh criticism either way, but in the end his sense of right triumphed; always he had played square in the game and he couldn't change now. With determined face he walked downstairs and put up the announcement that Harry Wells had been posted.

Bob faced a cold and defiant student body the next day, and Pat, with tight lips and lowered eyes, failed to see him as he passed her on the campus. He was hurt by the whispers which he knew went on behind his back, and the breaking up of every group which he joined. To Harry's pleadings then anger he was cold. He worked his hardest with the team, knowing full well the chance for the

championship was gone with the captain, yet inspiring the team to do its best.

The day of the great game dawned cold and clear. For weeks Bob had held the boys together, living, feeling and thinking together; he had watched them, drilled them and aroused them, until their enthusiasm was keyed up to the highest pitch. The loss of their captain was keenly felt, and they noticed how grave their coach was. No over-confidence was theirs on that day. They realized their responsibility and were ready to do their best.

Pat was in the grandstand with Harry, tense and excited, at her side. A deafening roar greeted the team as it came out on the field and the game started with a rush. For three quarters neither team was able to score; intense interest held the whole crowd quiet for many minutes, then in a brilliant end run the opposing team scored a touchdown, and the game was lost. Then Bob Wade, in his characteristic manner, pushed back his dark, wavy hair and squared his shoulders, and Pat, who knew him so well, felt a rush of feeling for him. Just at the wrong time Harry spoke, "The fool, defeated in his own little game of spite; he's lost his first championship which would have meant so much to him as a new coach." He would not have said it if he had not been sullen and angry at the defeat and his own posting, but Patricia turned on him with hot words in Bob's defense and they went back in cold silence.

The next day the papers were warm in their praise of Robert Wade, commending his work, the clean playing of his team, and blaming the loss of the captain for the defeat.

That evening in the empty library, Pat met Bob, accidentally or otherwise, and in a tremulous voice, she told him how proud he ought to be because he had acted in the right, and without meaning to do so, she found herself in his arms and strangely contented.

"And I forgot entirely where I was, and kissed her right there, and I'm going to the house-dance with her," Bob exclaimed boyishly to one of his "frat" brothers.



From London to Paris Via Airplane

By RUTH OSBORNE

To write a short, entertaining account of our trip to Europe is well nigh impossible, for we had an exceedingly good time and made very many interesting trips. Among these were our wonderful ocean voyage on the "Scythia" going over, and on the "Empress of France," coming home; visits in England to the Houses of Parliament, London Tower, Westminster Abbey, the Shakespeare Country and Ann Hathaway's Cottage, the Queen's garden party at Buckingham Palace; in Scotland, Edinburgh and Edinburgh Castle, the home of Robert Burns, Ayr, Glasgow; Paris and the battlefields of France; Switzerland and the wonderful Alps; and Milan, especially the cathedral, and beautiful Venice in Italy.

However, as I have been asked to write something for "The Post", I shall try to tell you of our most thrilling trip, which was across the English Channel from London to Paris by airplane.

On the morning of July 16, the taxi called at our hotel to take us out to Croydon, near London, to the airdrome. When we reached Croydon, we were taken into a building where we were weighed, our passports examined, our police cards made out, and our baggage weighed. Then we were allowed to go out into the field where our airplane, "The Princess Mary," and a Red Cross ambulance were waiting. We had to wait until our baggage was put on board, when we walked up some steel steps into the "cabin." There we found a row of wicker chairs on either side, fourteen in all, and a window for each one. At the forward part of the cabin was a little door for the pilot to get out to show us how high we were and how fast we were going.

Soon the door was closed, the engines began to roar, and we were started. We bumped over the ground for a short time, turned a half circle and then "took off". In a short time we were up thirty-two thousand feet and going ninety and ninety-five miles an hour. It was hard to realize that we were going at all. We looked our last down on London; and soon were passing over farms, rivers and towns on our way to France.

We crossed the Channel at thirty-two thousand feet and could see the rocks in the bottom of the Channel. The American world fliers crossed the Channel at the time we did; but, as it was cloudy and they were higher than we, we could not see them. After crossing the Channel near Boulogne, France, we found ourselves so far above the clouds that we could not see the ground. It was a rare sight. The clouds looked like huge piles of fleece or cotton. Presently our pilot decided to go down through them and we dropped to one thousand

feet. The rest of the trip we found rough going. Some people get seasick when their plane hits the air bumps, but only two out of our fourteen were thus affected. I got quite a "kick" out of the "jolly bumps". We would strike an air-pocket and suddenly drop about ten to twenty feet, when the pilot would right the plane, and we would tip sidewise for a while.

Soon we discerned in the distance a city with the Eiffel Tower looming up as a landmark, and we knew Paris was near. Our pilot circled the place about the "La Bourget" airdrome, then dropped down and bumped along the ground for a short distance and came to a gentle stop in front of the custom house. It took us from 12:00 to 2:30 p. m.—just two and one-half hours—to reach Paris from London.

So ended my first airplane ride, of which I enjoyed every minute. I certainly should have gone right back again if I could have done so.

A Freshman

He's just a little freshman
With woeful long lost looks,
As down the hall he wanders
His arms piled high with books.

He rushes wildly up and down
And thinks this life's no fun.
At last he meets an "Ask Me" girl,
"Oh, where, please, is room one?"

And she, with gentle patience,
As every Leaguer must,
Directs him through the busy throng
Where students pull and thrust.

And when she gets him to his room
And leaves him in his place,
She says with pleasant sweetness
As she smiles into his face,

"There, tiny little fellow,
Don't look so cross at me.
If Franklin had no freshmen
Where would our seniors be?"

Juanita Powell.

The Gift of God

By ROBERT F. MUZZY

Dusk. The tranquil shadows of the long Norwegian twilight fell softly over old Trondhjem. For a moment the dying sun left a fiery trail of splendor on the icy waters of the fjord. For a moment more its light gleamed from the spire of Saint Olaf's then from the towering mountains, and was gone. Night stole over land and sea. The tiny, silver stars came out one by one. The crown-shaped Northern Lights began to flame gloriously in the skies, flashing in changing radiance from red to green, and later from behind one of those mighty peaks which stood a stern majestic guardian of the frozen land of everlasting ice and snow—Jotunheimen—"Home of the Giants,"—rose the pale silent moon.

"Another day has faded into eternity," reflected the old music master and perhaps it was another smile which lit up his tired worn features only to fade away too.

Thirty years had passed since Sigurd Finstead had held first place in the hearts of local music lovers. Thirty long, lonely years since he had thrilled Inga and his countrymen with the beauty of his magnificent voice, and with the harp where his eloquence had set on fire even the dullest emotions.

Previous to this he had labored hard and earnestly to brighten the flame of genius which God had instilled in his soul, until at the mere age of twenty-five and in spite of the fact he had never traveled far from home, he was known as the prince of minstrels, the master wizard of his art, a second Wainamoinen. Unfortunately, this well deserved praise had suddenly become a powerful stimulant to his self-respect. Inga had been the first to recognize a new element in his music. On the night following one of his concerts he had paid a visit as was usual and because of her love, she could not withhold the mild reproach which to her had seemed so painful.

"Dear Sigurd," she had said, and her blue eyes had looked anxiously into his own. "There is something new, something different, about your music these last few weeks. I wonder—could it be too much confidence?"

But Sigurd had smiled at those fears of hers. "What things you fancy, beloved. Why self-esteem is the very thing I need. Have I not proved myself superior to all others? Have I not accomplished more? Why should I longer associate with common people when the world lies at my feet? I have made the trail before me a golden one. Just think, you are to become my little wife, and then the world will

wonder more at my glorious music. Who could deny me my happiness?"

"There is God, Sigurd. Don't you think he intended we should live for the world, not the world for us? Oh, Sigurd, why could you have not remained as you were, for then your music was best, and you who are far dearer than all the music in the world to me, were best."

The minstrel had laughed and spoken of other things, for he had not wished her words to trouble him.

A few days later it had been Christmas eve. Peace and joy had reigned everywhere but especially in the hearts of the two young lovers, for the next day was to have been their wedding day. That evening Inga had not felt very well and Sigurd had come over to comfort her. They had recalled memories of their childhood. They had spoken of the happy days which were to come. Everything had been so pleasant. After a while Inga had asked him to sing and play. The bard had touched his harpstrings and the soul of music had spread once more through the little dwelling. First he had sung of the old Norse gods and heroes, and of their marvelous deeds. Then he had sung of the fierce vikings, of their perilous adventures, of the strange countries they had visited. But finally he had sung of love, of the coming of Christianity into Norway, of the glories which were yet to be.

As of old the minstrel's sweetheart had seemed lulled to rest. It seemed to him that never before had Inga appeared so much like an angel. He had ceased singing and bent over the cot where she lay apparently dreaming. How sweet her pale features had seemed—how beautiful! He had called her dear name softly and then listened for an answer. From over the snow had come faintly to his ears the chime of the cathedral bells.

* * * * *

The long dreary days, weeks, months, years, had passed slowly into eternal night. In Trondhjem the soul of music slept, for there was none to awaken it. Sigurd Finstead was discussed for a while and then apparently forgotten. But in the hearts of those who had heard him, he remained forever, a beautiful memory. Where had the music master gone? None knew. But when that question was asked people would shake their heads sadly, point to the icy fjord and say, "Somewhere beneath those waters is his grave. When his loved one died, he cared no longer for life."

Thirty years of wandering in distant lands, of hard toil and suffering in a vain effort to forget, had been the fate of Sigurd Finstead. His music had become a thing of the past for his ambition, his love

of life, his heart and indeed his very soul seemed buried in far away Trondhjem.

Now at the age of fifty-five he stood once more on the threshold of his native city. Whatever had brought him back he could not tell, but here he stood, a homeless beggar, an old forsaken relic of the past on whom sorrow had left its most bitter marks. The icy wind blew his thin white hair over a pale, wrinkled countenance. It penetrated his rags and pierced his old bent figure like a knife, but he gave it little thought.

Presently he summoned up the necessary strength and courage to re-enter the city he had left so long before.

It was Christmas eve and lights shone from every window. The people were assembling for dance and festivity as of old. The old music master mingled with a happy crowd who were listening to the performance of a young minstrel. The tears rolled down Sigurd's cheeks. Presently the hand of some one touched him. He turned to confront an elderly person who said:

"This music seems to affect you deeply; but I tell you, you old beggar, you don't know what real music is. If you had heard the great Sigurd Finstead as I have, you would not care for this miserable offering."

Sigurd left the gay throng and slowly made his way up a more quiet street. He passed the pleasant home where Inga and he were to have lived after their wedding. He could hear the shouts of children from within and see through the lighted window the happy faces grouped about the fireplace.

On and on he pressed, now with the energy of despair, until his feeble limbs could support him no longer and he sank down in the snow of a little yard which surrounded a deserted dwelling by the shore. It had been Inga's home and this the yard where they had played together as children in that happy, beautiful time—the summers of long ago.

Sigurd dreamed of another Christmas eve thirty years gone by. Once more he took his loved one in his arms and pressed her to his heart. "Come, my darling. What do these tears mean which gather in your eyes? We'll speak no further concerning my self-respect—come—see, I have brought the skates. The moon shines o'er the fjord tonight. The Northern Lights flash—come."

He listened. The only answer was the plaintive sigh of the night wind about an empty house.

His eyes closed and he dreamed he was standing in the sanctuary of Saint Olaf's Cathedral with Inga by his side in her bridal array. The sunshine streamed in through the stained glass windows. The music of the mighty organ rose and fell. The candles shone like so

many tiny stars on the altar and the blue sweet incense rose from the swinging censor. The low voice of the priest could be heard as he gave his blessing and joined their hands together,—forever—in the holy sacrament of matrimony.

The dream changed and he fancied he was sitting by a blazing hearth. How beautiful Inga seemed as she sat by his side! The fire-light played about her golden hair. She smiled and held closer a sleeping child. It seemed to him he took a harp and played and sang the songs she loved so well.

Suddenly Sigurd opened his eyes. Oh, God! It had been only a dream after all! Why could he not have slept on. He gazed up into the sky. He wondered if she still beheld him from that country beyond the stars. He wondered if she could hear his lonely cry.

"Inga," he whispered hoarsely, "Inga,—my love—forgive me. Ask God to forgive me, dear, for I am dying. Come and lead me out of life's dreary night for I am—oh, so weary. Come—dear heart, put your hand in mine."

Did she really come, or was it only in his dreaming?

The next day they found him dead, frozen to death with a smile on his white features. No one knew the beauty he had seen. No one knew the happiness through which he passed into the glory of life everlasting.

The Sentinel

By ROBERT F. MUZZY

Along on the barren hillside the somber tomb of the ancient emperor stood, a dreary pile of gray stone, a dismal relic of forgotten times. Before it stretched the lonely Arabian desert, while far above the celestial stars with the pale oriental moon looked down on the desolate scene. Somewhere out on that vast sea of sand a line of tiny specks was in silent motion, a caravan on the aged trail to Damascus, or perhaps only wandering nomads of the wastelands. If the old tomb could have spoken, what wonders it might have told of other days and other peoples, for it had kept faithful watch for more than forty centuries,—but it was quite mute, this stern guardian of a slumber never to be broken.



A Messenger of Realization

In days of old when the gods decided to favor some one, they would notify the recipient of their particular blessing through the wing-footed Mercury. But ours is a more practical age, and when the School Board decided to add a new wing to Franklin, they chose to give us formal notification by sending a steam shovel. We welcomed this puffing, clamoring contrivance as gladly as any ancient ever welcomed Mercury, and were as jubilant over its message as the Athenians could have been over the message of Phidippides; for on that twenty-fourth day of November we learned that we were to have a new wing on Franklin. The agitations of years had borne fruit and high hopes were being realized.

When we knew that by next September we would have completed and ready for occupancy an auditorium which would seat over eighteen hundred and be equipped with a moving picture projection room, ten more class rooms to relieve congestion, and a music room twice the size of our present one, we had good reason to rejoice, because we were confident that Franklin would be able to fulfill its destiny on the growing East Side.

Girls' League Song

(Tune: There's a Long, Long Trail)

By JUANITA POWELL

I.

There's a League in Franklin High School
Active girls and strong,
Don't you want to join our number,
And be one of our throng?
We'll be glad to have you with us
If you want to work,
The Leaguers have no place at all
For those who want to shirk.

Chorus:

Come, oh come and join the Leaguers,
And be a willing worker too,
We need your help and service
And we want you.
We are looking out for others
For this industrious throng,
You'll find a hearty welcome
And you'll help the League along.

II.

Willing workers are the Leaguers,
Strive from morn till night,
To uphold our Franklin banner
And to do the right.
For our motto we have Service;
We will not fail a trust,
But we'll try to do what's asked of us
With a spirit of "we must."

Chorus:

III.

Our standards are the highest;
Let us keep them so;
Let us make the Girls' League stronger,
And let's make it grow.
There's room for much improvement,
Much good that we can do,
And we Leaguers are the very ones
To put the good work through.

Chorus:

Marge

By JOSEPH C. HAWKINS

John Abrahams Young rolled over. The appealing strains of a waltz were floating across the green lawns of the Bellingham Country Club and in through his open window, hence the restlessness. The town clock struck ten.—The very thought of the lateness of the hour and he not asleep was indeed terrifying. He had an intangible feeling that something was wrong, but what it was he could not tell for the life of him. No, it wasn't love as you might first suppose; although his new stenographer was attractive and all that. His wife still held a charm for him for all that she was rather solid and secure. Yes, she was probably even then sitting in the usual place, in the usual chair, doing the usual thing, namely, mending his socks. Presently, a new thought came to him; he had located the trouble. He was sure he had it. He was too contented, that was it—too contented. He stressed every syllable and didn't like it in the least.

Marge was all right, he argued, but she didn't fit in with that sort of thing. Now, for instance, take that which was just then going on over at the club. No, instead she looked best in an apron with a dust-pan in one hand and a broom in the other. He knew this as an established fact; there was no getting away from it. It was the cold, hard truth, and nothing but the truth.

As he contemplated these facts, the rich, mellow strains of the waltz invaded his room. They were irresistible; he must go, if only to look on. As he tiptoed past her room he stopped. All was quiet. He pitied her. After all, she was more to be pitied than blamed, but he could not sacrifice this bit of pleasure his soul longed for and—must have. He reached the door safely after stumbling over the cat and nearly breaking his neck on the stairway. Strange that he had succeeded in keeping her asleep!

However, as he stepped out into the warm night air, he forgot all about Marge. He was even as the truant school boy, exultant that he had achieved the seemingly impossible, his freedom.

After gaining a window at the clubhouse he wallowed in the sheer pleasure of just watching. The crowd glided past him on the polished floor,—a conglomeration of vivid hues and shades blending together into a sparkling mass of color. He stood and watched and rued that he had not learned to dance. But he could learn and he would learn, Marge, or no Marge!

Just then his eyes fell on a beautiful woman with the poise and grace of a thoroughbred, flitting here and there with the ease and lightness of a fairy. The more he watched, the more he became fascinated with her and the more he pitied his poor, little wife at home. If she were only like that! Suddenly he hesitated; he was uncertain. In all fairness she was something of the same build as Marge. She had the same daintily shaped head and the same general appearance. She had the same auburn-colored hair. He looked closer—and just the same height; he grew excited—the same attractive figure. Presently she turned around. He grew faint and reached for something to take hold of. He gasped for breath—she had the same face—It was Marge! John learned to dance.

Hope

When it is dawn, and darkness rolls away,
Shall not I see the fair sun beam again?
Shall not my sadness cease its lonely reign?
Shall not I know the beauty of the day
When night is done?

When gloom is gone, I trust that never more
Shall I be separated from you, dear.
Shall not our spirits love, and be as near
As we were in the happy days of yore
When it is dawn?

Robert F. Muzzy

A Tale of A Tree

By MARION SMITH

I cannot remember when first my father told me this particular Indian Legend. He is chuck full of them and Indian lore was substituted for Mother Goose in my childhood days. Perhaps it may even be written up in some book of Indian legends and then, an irate author may sue me for plagiarism. Nevertheless, the romance of it enchanted me in my childhood days, and I only hope I can tell it in the fascinating, cross-my-heart-it's-true fashion of my father.

The tale has probably been related so frequently that the original story would not be recognized. Dad's granddad—my great granddad, was with Fremont's party when they planted the American flag at Monterey in 1846. He settled at Sacramento during the Gold Rush and sent for his family, a wife and two children. The mother died as they were rounding the Horn and one of the two children was my dad's father. I have heard it said that dad, out of seven grandchildren, was his grandfather's favorite, and the boy frequently stayed with the old man and drank in many a story of the Gold Rush, the early Indians, and the early frontier.

It happens that, located about a mile out of the city of Sacramento, there is a very unusual tree. The leaves are small, the bark very dark, smooth, and polished in appearance. When in bloom, it is a mass of small, very small, golden puffs, similar in size, shape and appearance to the yellow sweet Sultan. The tree is, in reality, more of a very large bush than a tree but this may be due to a lack of pruning—I do not know.

One day mother and I took a number of the boughs home and dad, stirred by some almost forgotten memory, related the following legend:

Years and years ago, long before the coming of the White Man, the Indians would meet on a huge cleared space in the center of which the tree now stands. Many a season, year in and year out, the tribe held to this custom, and many were the brave who won his laurels on the ground.

Now the Chief of the tribe had a beautiful daughter—tall, slender, lithe, with eyes of challengingly wilful splendor, feet of the sure-footed wild things, and hair of such glossy brilliance and length that her beauty was a thing of reverence even among the Indians whose women were merely pack horses and mothers of their braves.

Now it happened that the young maiden fell deeply in love with a young brave of the tribe—a young warrior who had already made his mark and was acknowledged a fitting mate for the Chieftain's daughter.

Then one day the warrior disappeared. He had gone to the river, the American, which flows into the Sacramento, to hunt for game, and was never seen again. Since search failed to reveal what manner of tragedy had overtaken him, and further delay was impossible, the tribe made preparations for leaving. All was packed, and in readiness, when consternation spread through the camp. The Chieftain's daughter would not depart. Weeping, she flung herself upon the ground and no one, not even the old Chief, himself, could remonstrate with her to any effect. A day passed. The Princess still crouched upon the earth and wept. Another day passed, and still another. Tears having dried, hollow groans took possession of her body and, on the fourth day, she died.

Now the old Chief loved his daughter and, after the funeral rites were over, called his braves together in counsel. Thus he admonished them: "Here in the midst of our tribal ground sleeps my daughter, and here must always her memory be revered. A monument, a living monument, must mark the spot wherein she sleeps, and you, my braves, must seek for it. A tree, a beautiful tree, a strange tree, the like of which this country has never seen must be planted, so that ever because of its beauty, the lovely maid beneath will be remembered. The penalty the entrant for this honor must pay is this: That he who fails, and brings not such a tree, fulfilling all requirements, shall forfeit his life.

"All those who would compete, may!" were the final words of the Chief. And twelve of the bravest and noblest were sent.

Six moons had passed. A warrior returned, bearing with him a young tree scarce three feet high. He bore it into the Chief's presence and laid it at his feet. The tree was examined but failed to pass the test.

"Know you not," said the Chief, "that many of these grow near the mountain which marks the rising of the sun?" Thereupon an arrow pierced the warrior's side, killing him instantly.

Nine moons had passed. Another warrior returned, footsore and bedraggled, bearing with him, a prize—a tree of delicate beauty, covered with beautiful, white blossoms; but scarce had the Chief laid eyes upon it, when swift to his mind came a picture of a hunting day near the Big Waters. The warrior's life was short-lived. He, too, sleeps near the maiden.

By the time twelve moons had passed, all but three of the twelve had returned; two of these were destined never to return but the other, a noble brave, courageous and fearless, returned after an absence of two summers. He bore a precious burden and had borne it long. Into the Chieftain's presence he carried it, and, when the greeting ceremonial was over, told the tale of his wandering.

"Many moons have passed, O Chief, since first I went forth to seek, and seeking, found. Nights have I spent on the desert, nights on the mountain tops, rivers have I swum, valleys have I crossed, and this," here he extended the tree, "I bring to mark the ground where sleeps your daughter."

Slowly the Chief stepped forth and accepted the gift. The tree was like no other that had ever been seen in the valley and the mountain ridges of California. With due ceremony, it was planted. To this day it grows in that very same spot.

My father, having concluded the tale to his entire satisfaction, leaned back in his chair and sucked his pipe, wearing a faint smile of—I hardly know how to describe it;—but a young lad who has just put something over on his school teacher wears the same kind of a smile. My younger brother came out of the spell and, with a dazed look, remarked, "Gosh, I can't help but believe it, but say, pop, you told me the same story about a tree up at Knight's Landing."

You Graduating Senior

Each one of us students with pleasure recalls
Your bright happy face as you roamed through the halls,
You graduating senior.

Your teachers in Franklin remember each day
The work that you did as you went on your way,
You graduating senior.

Your principal, too, though burdened with care,
Is ready your sorrows and pleasures to share,
You graduating senior.

And old Franklin high school, so quiet and staid,
Is ready to boast of the record you've made,
You graduating senior.

You have fought a fine battle, and now that you've won,
Make the best of your effort—life work has begun—
You graduating senior.

And remember the lesson that Franklin has taught
That only by labor are worth-while things wrought.
You graduating senior.

Juanita Powell.

The Struggle *for* The City of Graduation

By GAYLORD SHIVELY

Mr. Wiseman, a man with a great deal of common sense, wished to reach the City of Graduation. His relatives told him that to reach this city he had to do much work and to undergo many hardships. Still he decided to go to the City of Graduation.

One morning at sunrise he left home on his journey. Along the way he met many others who desired the same object that he did. Some of these were Hopeful, Jollity, Night Hawk, Hard Work, Laziness, Indolence, Slowness. In the course of their travels they came to a large marsh called Freshman Exams. Some, such as Hard Work, Mr. Wiseman, Slowness, Hopeful floundered through the marsh. Many decided that they would go home and earn a living by doing some easier work.

They traveled on for awhile on a level field without any difficulties. At last they came to a high hill, called The Sophomore Year. There were two roads over that hill, one straight up the face of the hill, and one gradually sloping up the side. Mr. Wiseman and Hard Work took the sloping road up the side of the hill. Hopeful, Slowness, and others saw elevators called Latin Pony, Math. Answers running up the face of the hill. They took the elevators. Most of the elevators broke down going up the hill on account of their loads, but Hopeful and a few others reached the top, called the Junior Year.

The road was paved with many holes, and deep rivers ran across the way. Many struggled through, but many fell into the pits or drowned in the rivers of Despair. Some who fell by the wayside were Slowness and Laziness. At the end of this road only Hard Work, Mr. Wiseman, Hopeful, were left.

Their way was very difficult and it took great care to go the last part of their journey. At last they came to a wide river, called The Senior Year. On the other side of the river stood The City of Graduation. A boat named "Hints for Seniors" was tied to the bank. Mr. Wiseman and Hard Work saw holes in the boat so they built a raft of their own, but Hopeful and his companions got in the boat and started across the river, hoping that the boat would hold them up. Mr. Wiseman and Hard Work reached the far shore where The City stood in all the splendor of the rising sun. But when Mr. Hopeful and his companions were half way across the river, the boat sank. Hopeful's companion drowned with little struggling, but Hopeful splashed and splashed in the river. At last he emerged on the shore with Mr. Wiseman and Hard Work, but he was just about exhausted.

The three, passing through the city, decided that it was worth the troubles and hard work they had had in reaching it.

To The Football Boys

You boys have worked like Trojans,
You've fought and done your best.
Each day you struggle in the mud
And we must do the rest.

You can't do all the fighting,
You can't win every game,
It's up to us to help you
If we would uphold your fame.

And many are your boosters
Who in the bleachers sit,
They yell so loud and hearty,
Their throats do almost split.

But listen, Football hero,
I wonder if you think
That just those in the bleachers
Care if you swim or sink?

I'll tell the world they aren't
And I can prove it too,
That some of us who cannot go
Are boosting hard for you.

There's some of us who've never seen
A Franklin football game,
But we support each one of you
And cheer you just the same.

Keep up the good work, fellows,
Work hard from day to day,
You're an honor to old Franklin
And the old Maroon and Gray.

By Juanita Powell.

The Acid Test

By HARLOW JOHN MILLS

One cool but comfortable Portland evening, any one passing the Irvington home of Mr. A. Goldenheimer would have been surprised to hear loud noises coming from the windows of the drawing room. If he were a rude person and so allowed his curiosity to get the better of him as to sneak up the well-kept lawn and peer into the brightly lighted windows, he would have seen Mr. Goldenheimer himself seated in an elegant chair smoking and expostulating hotly over the telephone. From the retorts he might judge that Goldenheimer was refusing a subscription to some fund. And so he was.

"But, Mr. Goldenheimer," a voice pleaded from the other end of the line, "you at least agree that our Fund for the Unemployed is certainly very worthy."

"Worthy! Fiddlesticks!" retorted Goldenheimer. "Any laborer that cannot earn his own living does not deserve to be helped!" And with that he slammed down the receiver.

He took a puff at his cigar, picked up a magazine and settled back in his chair to read. But somehow he felt restless, and found the story, in which he had been so interested before, to be dull and tedious now. He decided that he needed to take a walk and get some fresh air. Accordingly, taking his hat and cane, he ventured out upon the street.

It really was a fine evening, and his steps led him on and on. At one corner he noticed a small group of men listening to a loud voiced orator. Drawing near enough to hear but staying far enough away not to seem a part of the group, he saw that the speaker was a laborer.

"— And if there is not more money subscribed to this Fund for the Unemployed," the speaker concluded in his loud, emotional voice, "it will mean that some of us working men must starve."

"Humph!" thought Goldenheimer, disgustedly, as he walked away, "another one of those parasites." Then he added, unthinkingly, "I'll bet I could go right out now and earn a good living doing manual labor."

As he was walking home, he thought over his last statement; the more he thought of it the more he felt like going out and testing his theory. In fact, he was getting a bit tired of the ennui of riches, and now that he did not have his business cares to worry about (he had resigned a bank presidency about three months before), he had grown very restless. By the time he reached home, he had fully determined to follow out this plan. "But," he argued to himself, "if I am to

work tomorrow I must get a good sleep tonight." So he went to bed early and slept long and soundly.

Now let us skip the tiresome details of how he put on old clothes the next morning, and how after telling the servants that he would be out of town for a week or so, he went out the back door of his house and unbent his dignity enough to get aboard a street car, and went to town to hunt for work. As I said, let us skip these details and walk down the street with him in North Portland that evening. He had done fairly well that day doing odd jobs around in different places. He stopped in at a mussy, little store, and bought a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk. He put the two dollars and sixty cents change back into his pockets, and, going around to one of the alleys, he sat down on a curb to eat his poor fare. Although he did not seem to enjoy it particularly, he ate every bit. Then he began thinking how easy it was to earn a living. "Unemployed, nonsense!" he argued, "any man ought to be able to earn his living just as I am doing." But as the night air grew colder, he became rather interested in his own comforts to remain there long. He got up and pulling up his coat to protect him from the cold he set out to find a room.

Never before had he realized how hard it was to find a decent room. He tramped up one street and down another, every place he saw was unsuitable for some reason. Finally, however, he found himself getting sleepy; his eyes drooped; he was just about to steal a night's sleep on a park bench when he saw a little way in front of him an insignificant sign hanging crookedly by means of rusty hinges from a decrepit old building. The weather had almost obliterated what was written upon it; but by a close scrutiny he made out the words: "Rooms for Rent—Fifty cents a Day." There was a little knocker on the wall of the building under which a smudging card said, "Knock for Caretaker." Goldenheimer was very sleepy; he did not care to wait long; so he rapped loudly with the little knocker, and listened to the sound echo dully through the halls within. Finally, a bent, old woman came shuffling down the hall with a candle in her hand, and after working with the various locks on the door she finally got it open a wee bit. "What do you want?" she called out in a thin, cracked voice. He hastily explained that he wanted a room. She looked him over critically as if to estimate the size of his pocketbook, and then informed him that he would have to pay in advance. After he had agreed to do this she opened the door a little more and let him in.

He paid his rent for five days in advance which left him only ten cents for his breakfast, but he did not worry because, having done very well the first day, he thought he would do well the next day also. After the little, old woman had counted the money several times, she

put it away in a tiny drawer which she locked and then taking the candle, she led him up the rickety flight of stairs to a musty, cobwebby room. There was no furniture other than a bed. However, Goldenheimer was so sleepy that he did not stop to notice.

He told himself again how easily he had earned his money, that there should be no unemployment—that what he was doing any man could do. He thought how comfortable his own bed would be now—and how tired he was—and sleepy—. Then he fell asleep.

The next afternoon about five o'clock a very tired man labored clumsily up the steps of the building. It was Goldenheimer. He went into his room and was so exhausted that he almost fell upon his bed. But he braced himself up enough to eat some bread which he had bought but without milk this time. Then he lay down on his bed to sleep.

Sleep, however, would not come. He lay there thinking. "I certainly was unsuccessful in getting work today," he mused. "The bosses are so blamed particular. That lumber mill boss, for instance. Why, he's nothing but a pompus upstart. Said I wasn't strong enough to do the work. Well, I'll bet I can do any job that he can. And that superintendent of the paper factory! Why, he does not even give a man a chance. I didn't have the ghost of a show. But still I'm better off right now than real laborers, because they all have families to support and can't quit work when they want to. And, say, how nice my own bed would feel under me right now. I can just see it, the clean, white coverlet and fresh sheets, with a downy pillow. When you lie down in it you sink and sink. I've almost a notion to go back right now."

Suddenly he started up in bed. A loud rumble sounded over his head, and then a crash. What was it? He glanced apprehensively out of the window, then cried out like a frightened animal, "A thunder-storm! And me in a strange place, too." He snatched up his hat and started for the door. Once when only a small boy he had been lost in the woods during a terrific thunder-storm. Ever since he had been deathly afraid of them. This time was no exception. However, he had long been ashamed of this weakness; he gritted his teeth and determined to stick it out. But what a storm it was! The wind howled; the rain beat furiously; the house creaked and groaned. Finally, Goldenheimer could stand it no longer. He rushed out of the building towards his home.

Little children, had they been peering with awed faces at the storm, probably would have wondered who the "crazy man" might be who rushed by so swiftly. But he didn't care. He ran across the bridge, and then all out of breath, he had to sit down and rest. Just then an empty taxi whizzed by, and he hailed it. Giving the driver

his address he got in and then fell back upon the seat, panting. The taxi soon took him to his house. He got out, and then realized that he had no money with which to pay the driver. "Wait a while," he called out.

"Make it snappy," the driver retorted. Goldenheimer gave him a withering look, but wisely withheld any comment until the bill should be paid. Just then one of the servants opened the door.

"Why, Mr. Goldenheimer," he exclaimed.

"Sh-h," cautioned Goldenheimer, "let me in and pay that infernal taxi driver." John, like a good servant, obeyed. Then he helped Mr. Goldenheimer to bed.

A few days later as the treasurer of the Fund for the Unemployed was opening his mail, he came across a large white envelope which yielded something yellow like gold. A moment later he called wildly to his secretary, "Miss Johnson, come here, quick! Look at this check, will you, from that old tightwad Goldenheimer. And for two thousand dollars, too! You remember that day when I called him up and he was so dead set against our fund? I wonder whatever changed his mind!"



Merry Christmas

The Christmas snow is falling—
The Christmas bells ring out—
And on the crisp December air
There comes a Christmas shout.

Hearts are warmed by giving,
Homes are bright and free,
Little lives are brightened
Around some Christmas tree.

And God far up in Heaven
Regards the scene below,
And nods and sanctions Christmas
And sends the Christmas snow.

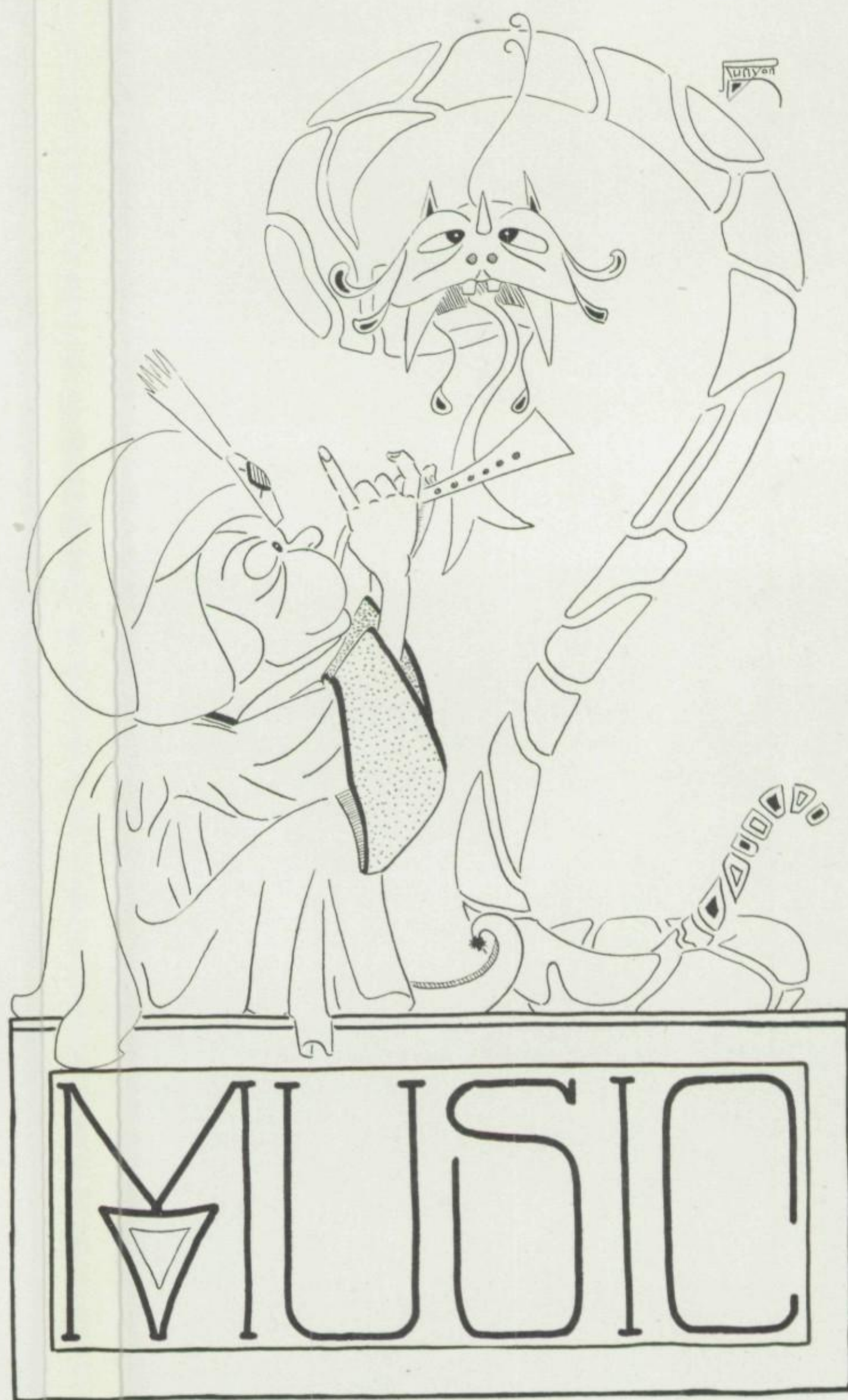
In spite of all the gladness
Joy does not reign throughout,
For some there are no Christmas trees;
There is no Christmas shout.

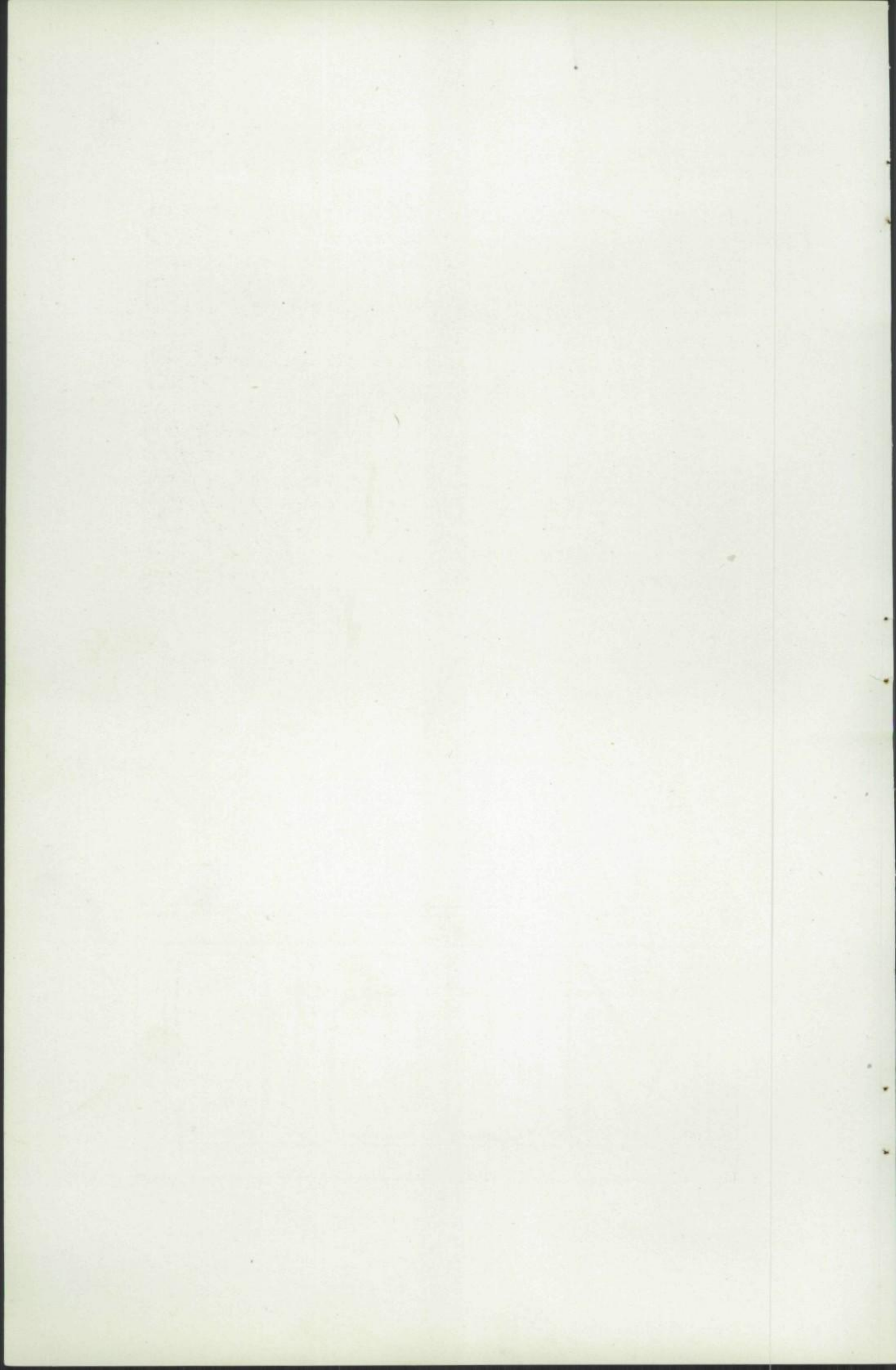
I used to love the Christmas
And the joys it brought to me,
But now that mother's left us
We have no Christmas tree.

We have no Christmas spirit,
We have no mistletoe.
How different was our little home
Just one short year ago!

But Christmas snow is falling—
And Christmas bells ring out—
And on the crisp December air
There comes a Christmas shout—
Merry Christmas!

By Juanita Powell.







THE CHORUS

The Music Department

The Music Department of Franklin High School is attracting wide attention. Under the able direction of Mr. R. B. Walsh it has grown considerably and has done wonderful work. The total enrollment in the Girls' Glee, Boys' Glee, Chorus and Quartet is one hundred and forty.

GLEE CLUBS AND CHORUS

There are two periods of Girls' Glee, the fifth period having thirty-one members and the seventh period having forty-six members. This is the largest membership in the history of the club. Besides the regular singing, the members are receiving instruction in direction, and are taking a course in Music Appreciation.

The Boys' Glee has thirty members, among whom are found many with good voices. They are doing excellent work. Ralph Richards, a freshman who has great talent for piano playing, is the accompanist.

The Chorus, which meets during the fourth period, is composed of the flower of the Glee Clubs, its membership consisting of forty-four selected voices. It is this group that does the outside work, such as singing at churches, banquets, and at out of town affairs. This is only the second term for the Chorus and the members are doing splendid work and have a large range of songs.

Last April, the Chorus took part in the contest for Glee Clubs of the High Schools of Oregon and Washington, at Forest Grove. Next year the Chorus will again take part in the contest. The members are working hard preparing themselves to bring home all the cups and scholarships. We wish them the best of luck.

Each year at Christmas time the Chorus goes carol singing. On the day preceding Christmas Vacation Franklin High's halls are filled with its singing of the carols. Thence the Chorus goes to the various grammar schools of the community. The school children always eagerly await this event. On Christmas eve, the members sing for the people at the Central Library, and then at several hotels and hospitals. Each year they have more invitations than they can accept.

Since the organization of the Department in 1915, Mr. Walsh has presented the Glee Clubs in several operas by Gilbert and Sullivan. Among these were, "The Pirates of Penzance," "H. M. S. Pinafore," "The Mikado," "Trial by Jury" and "The Gondoliers". Now they are preparing the "Mikado" to be given on February 13 and 14. The cast, which was carefully selected from the Chorus, is working hard in order to make it the best opera ever given. The cast is as follows: The Mikado of Japan, Miller Nicholson; Wanki-Por, Tom Badley; Ko-Ko, Everett France; Pooh-Bab, Paul East; Pish-Tush, Irvin Ross; Tum-Yum, Gladys Keady; Pitti-Sing, Margaret Reynolds; Pup Bo, Cora Ash; Katisha, Harriet Backen; Chorus of School Girls, Nobles, Guards and Coolies. Frank Alexander, Franklin's able musician, will play for the opera again this year.

Three years ago George Black, a member of Franklin's Music Department, composed an opera, "The Wooing and Death of Minnehaha," as his thesis for graduation. It was given by the Glee Club at the Lincoln High School Auditorium.

THE QUARTET

Last year's quartet composed of Tom Badley, first tenor; "Bill" Goleekee, second tenor; Paul Reader, baritone; Miller Nicholson, bass, deserves special mention for the good name it won for Franklin.

Two new members have taken the place of "Bill" Goleekee and Paul Reader who graduated in the June '24 Class. The members of the present quartet are: Tom Badley, first tenor; Everett France, second tenor; Ervin Ross, baritone, and Miller Nicholson, bass. This quartet has sung at the Lents Baptist Church, at a Father and Son banquet at the White Temple, at a community dinner at Pleasant Home, as well as at private dinners and musicals. During the Christmas vacation it is

going to make a concert tour under the direction of Mr. Walsh. To bring back the silver cup from Forest Grove next April is one of the quartet's ambitions. To that end it is working diligently.

The Chorus and Quartet have enjoyed several social functions among which were swims, picnics and parties. For these occasions Mr. and Mrs. Walsh have proved themselves to be delightful chaperons who certainly do know how "to play ball."

HARMONY

Mr. Walsh conducts a class in harmony which has some very promising composers. At a recent assembly the Chorus sang a hymn composed of Cara Ash. The work is very creditable and shows good musical ability. The "Mother Goose" rhymes sung by the January '25 Class on Loud Clothes Day, was set to music by different members of this class.

ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra, which Mr. Carl Denton, of the Portland Symphony Orchestra, organized in the spring of 1914, has done some very complimentary work under his direction during the years of its existence. This year it is composed mostly of violins, among the members are found many very talented violinists. The orchestra has played in several assemblies this term and also on the night of the January '25 Class play.

In toto we are very proud of our Music Department. We are sure that it will keep up the fine record of the past, possibly improve on it. We are sorry to leave Franklin and dear old G-7. We hope that the future music students will have as good a time there as we have had.

Margaret Reynolds, Music Editor.



Two Little Maids



Which is Which?



Howard?



Ko-Ko!



Our Folks.



Too Sweet For Words

Maids

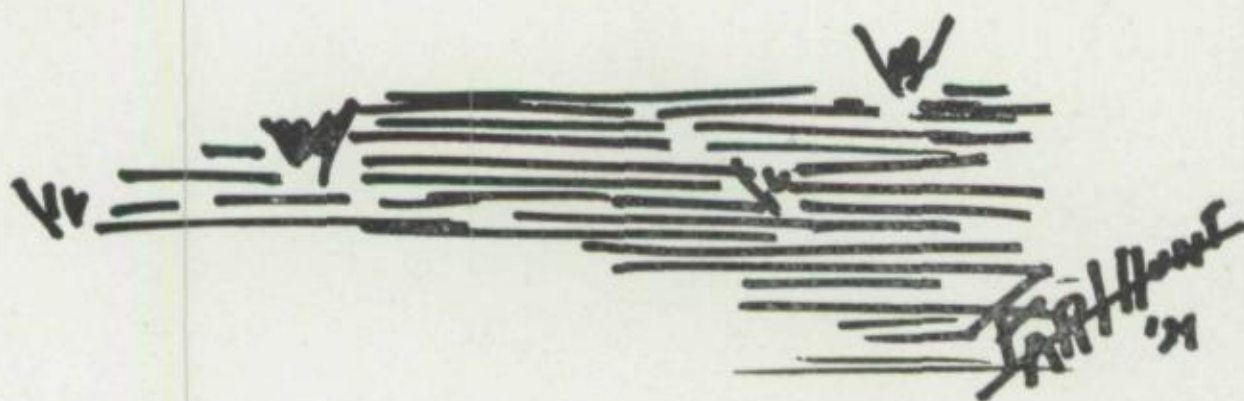


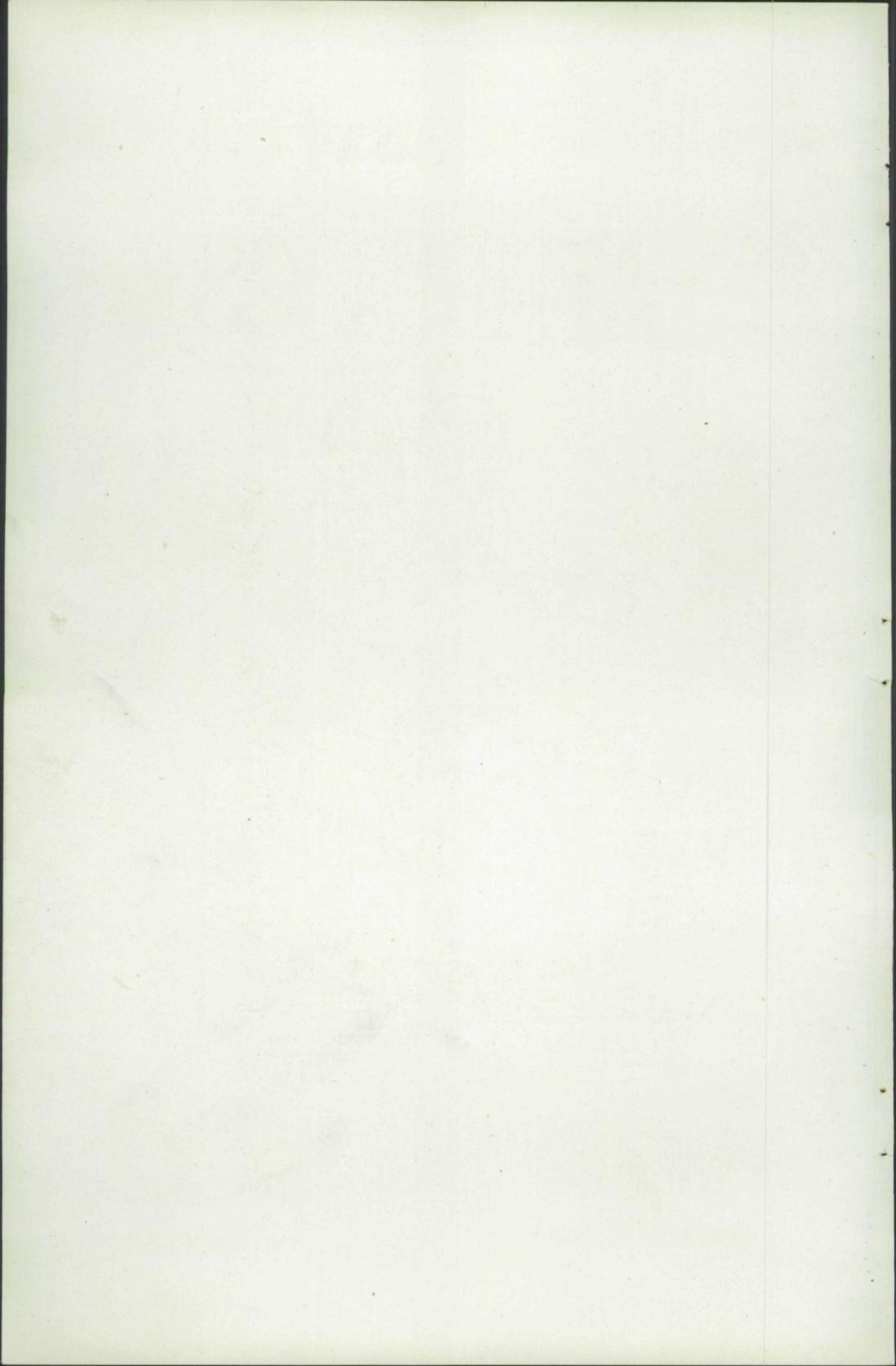
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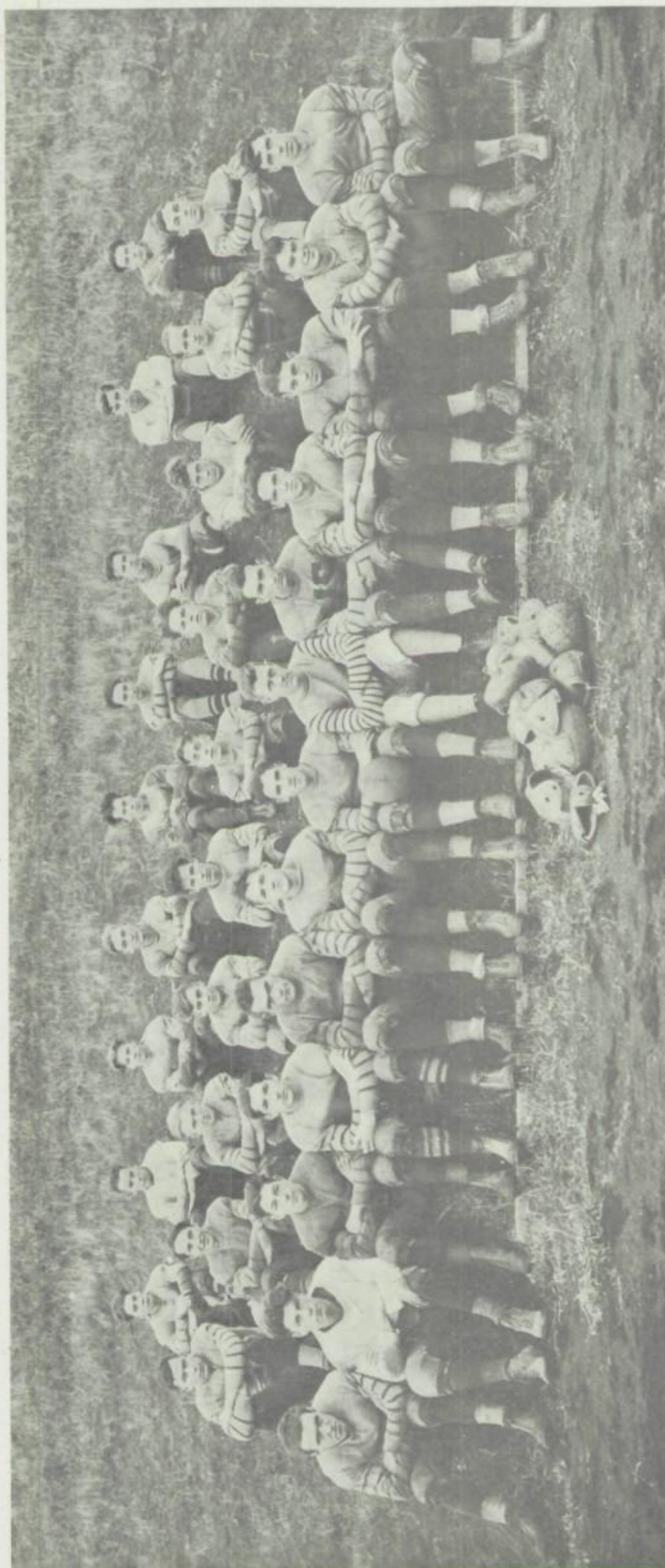
"Ta-ta"



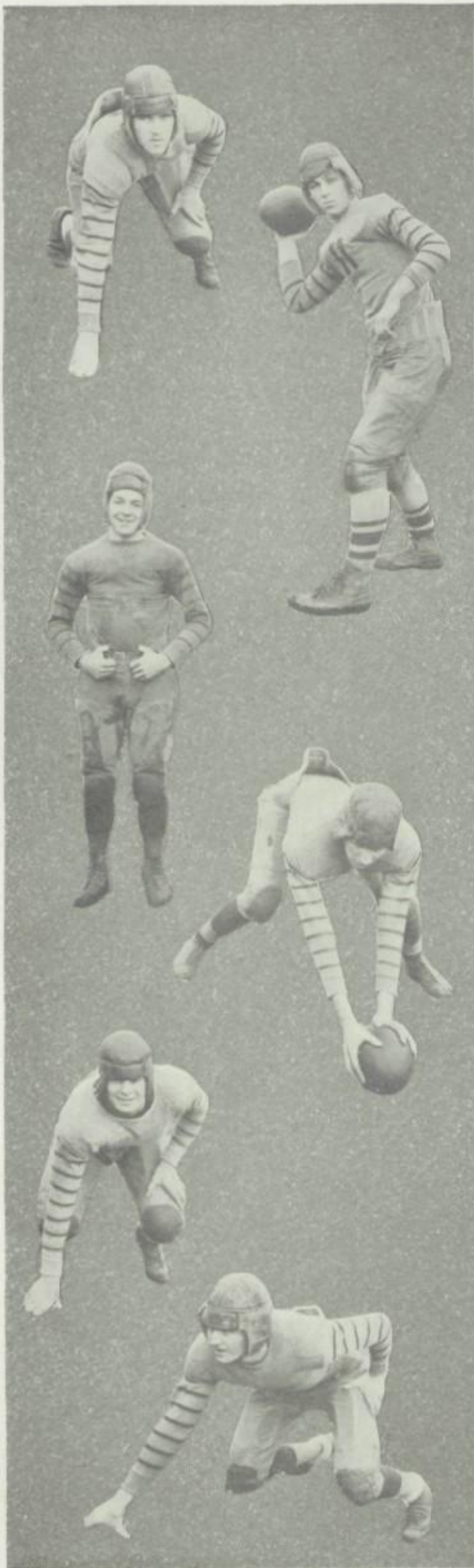
ATHLETICS,







FOOTBALL CANDIDATES



THEODORE POPE—End

Letterman

As captain he let few plays pass him, and he was always in the thick of the game. We will surely miss "Ted."

DAVID EPPS—Halfback

Letterman

At half "Dave" proved himself to be a formidable enemy on both offensive and defensive attack. Early season injuries prevented him from showing at his best.

DESMOND ANDERSON—Guard

In "Dessy" we found the old Franklin fight which puts Franklin at the top. He will be the captain of the 1925 team.

ROBERT FOSTER—Center

He held his place to perfection though tall for a center. This was "Bob's" first year in football and he put over the dope.

LAWRENCE KRETZMEIER—Fullback

This was "Kretz's" first year on the team and he proved himself to be a valuable player. He has three more years of football and much is expected of him.

JOE HOCKMUTH—End

Letterman

"Joe" was one of the steadiest men on the team. His ability to tackle well and to cleverly handle forward passes won him much deserved praise.

DONALD EAGLETON—Tackle
Letterman

This was "Don's" third year on the squad and he developed into one of the best linemen in the city. His rangy build enabled him to bust up many opposing plays.

DONALD PRATT—Quarterback
Letterman

"Don" proved himself to be a general of ability. His "heady" work, in combination with the response of the entire machine, made this season a good one in spite of all hard luck.

NEWELL DIXON—Tackle
Letterman

Newell was the best tackler in the league. He played full last year and showed up fine. Fighting Dixon goes out in June.

JOLLY PRATT—Halfback

This was Jolly's first year on the squad. At all times he made yardage when called upon and from him came a good share of the fight.

THORNLEY WILLIAMS—Guard
Letterman

"Thorny" stopped all line plunges on his side, and always played a good hard fighting game. Franklin will lose a good guard when Williams graduates with the Jan. '25 Class.





CHARLES BOCKMAN—End

"Bill" is small, but his opponents knew he was close too late to retrieve themselves. F. H. S. expects great things of "Bill" in the next few years.

LESLIE CHRISTENSON—Fullback

"Les" worked hard for the team, although he was handicapped by his size. His fight will be a great thing to help him be a regular next year.

VAN DINE—Center

"Van" played football in an eastern high school of 4,000 pupils, showing that he knew the game. He will be back next year and will surely strengthen the center of the line.

HAROLD KELLY—Quarterback

"Pup" was a plucky quarter who kept our backfield plunging and passing into and over the enemies' line.

VERN MILLER—Tackle

This was "Vern's" first year in football and he has shown prospects which indicate that he will pull down a berth on the team next year.

MILLER NICHOLSON—Halfback

"Nick" was right on the spot when called on to carry the ball or to run interference. Dependable to the n-th degree, he was a strong force on the team. He will be back next year.

RONALD MURRAY—End

"Ron" played a very consistent game at end and made a splendid showing whenever he went into the game. He will be on the team next year.

JOE LEAVITT—Tackle

"Joe" was a hard working tackle who showed up to great advantage this year. He will always be remembered as a hard fighter and diligent worker.

MELROSE PFLAUM—Halfback

"Rosie" showed up fine this year, every time he had the ball the yardage sticks were moved forward.

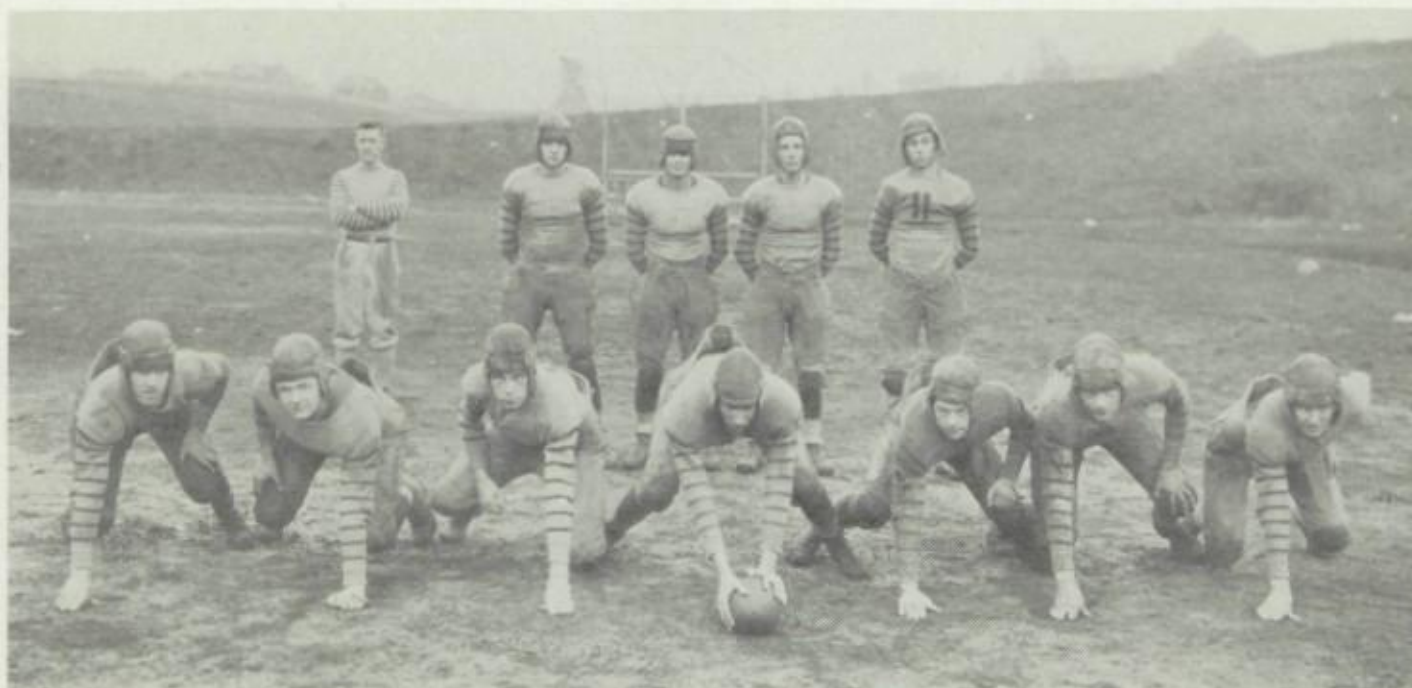
ROLAND RENFRO—Manager

"Ren" as manager had control of the affairs of the team outside of coaching. He will be the manager of the 1925 basketball team.

COLTON MEEK—Coach

Coach Meek is popular because he wears a smile of victory even in defeat. "Sunshine" has blazed a name for old Franklin on the highest halls of fame. The championship teams he has developed have won laurels for Franklin by the grit and fight he inspired. Men may come and men may go, but when Meek goes, no one will be able to take his place in the hearts and minds of true Franklinites.





FOOTBALL SQUAD

Football

RECORD OF ACTIVITIES

FRANKLIN 6; LINCOLN 12; OCTOBER 15

In the first game of the 1924 season, Franklin lost to Lincoln by the score of 12 to 6. Franklin lacked the necessary fight to hold the Railsplitters in the first half of the game, the score resulting in 12 to 0. The locals stiffened in the latter half and Jolly Pratt carried the ball over for a touchdown. Franklin showed great fight for their first game of the season.

FRANKLIN 10; WASHINGTON 6; OCTOBER 22

In the second game of the season Franklin played Washington High. It was "do or die" for the Quakers and they did 10-6. The victory was a great triumph as this was Franklin's first victory over the Colonials in seven years. The Franklin fight and the big punch of the team brought home the bacon. This was the greatest upset of the league.

FRANKLIN 0; COMMERCE 6; OCTOBER 30

Owing to the wet field, which prevented the locals from opening up, they lost the third game by bad breaks. The team as a whole had enough spirit to win any ordinary game, and on a dry field the score might have been different.

FRANKLIN 0; BENSON 15; NOVEMBER 6

After being shut out in every other game of the season, Benson sprung the surprise of surprises and out-fought Franklin. The Maroon and Gray did not have the fight of former games and, as a result, lost. Although the locals tried at all times, they lacked the necessary strength to cross the line.

FRANKLIN 0; ROOSEVELT 7; NOVEMBER 14

By a close score of 7-6 Franklin lost the Roosevelt game. The Quakers showed plenty of fight but lost on a hard luck break which denied them the kick after the goal.

FRANKLIN 0; JEFFERSON 27; NOVEMBER 21

Franklin lost the last game of the season to Jefferson High 27-0. This was a snappy game and was featured by the spectacular running and passing of the opposing team. Franklin at all times was fighting and twice had the ball within the five-yard line but lacked the necessary punch to put it over.

Basketball

The 1924-25 basketball team prospects are exceedingly bright. Every man of last year's championship team is back, determined to repeat the fete of the 1923-24 season.

To be sure, the contest will be a hard one, for all the other high schools have practically the same team they had last year. Nevertheless, Franklin knows that its boys will battle with even greater determination than last year for the Maroon and Gray honors.

Captain Clare Scallon, David Epps, Bob Foster, Maurice Douglass, Theodore Pope, Don Pratt and Lawrence Kretzmeier, of last year's team are back. In addition, there are a number of eager and promising aspirants for a place on the team.

Franklin expects nothing less than the championship.

Wrestling Chances Are Bright

The Franklin wrestling team which won the city championship last year has a bright outlook for success in the coming season. Four lettermen are back. They are Anderson, captain, Averill, Vander-vulgt, and Woods. Captain Anderson was the mainstay of the team last year. He never lost a match and nearly always wrestled two different men in the same meet.

The team has an expert coach in Mr. Woodruff who is a very fine wrestler himself. The team will have many meets this season with other schools, of which Benson will be the chief opponent for the city championship.

Track

Never, in the history of Franklin, have the prospects for a championship team in track been so bright. True, Bayard Sisson is gone and his place is a hard one to fill; but with the improvement of all of the other distance men, his place should be at least partially well-filled. Besides the other letter-men will undoubtedly place higher than they did last year.

Veterans from last year's runners-up include Renfro, sprints; Nicholason, quarter; Barnard, javelin; Pratt, discus; Foster, broad jump; Kelley, hurdles; and Kretzmeier, pole vault. These are the men who placed in the meet last year; but the list does not include all who did well last year and are going to do much better this year for Franklin.

Of course Jefferson and Washington will have good teams this year; and it will be one grand, old fight for honors, but if everything goes well, Coach Meek may lead Franklin to the first track championship.

Baseball

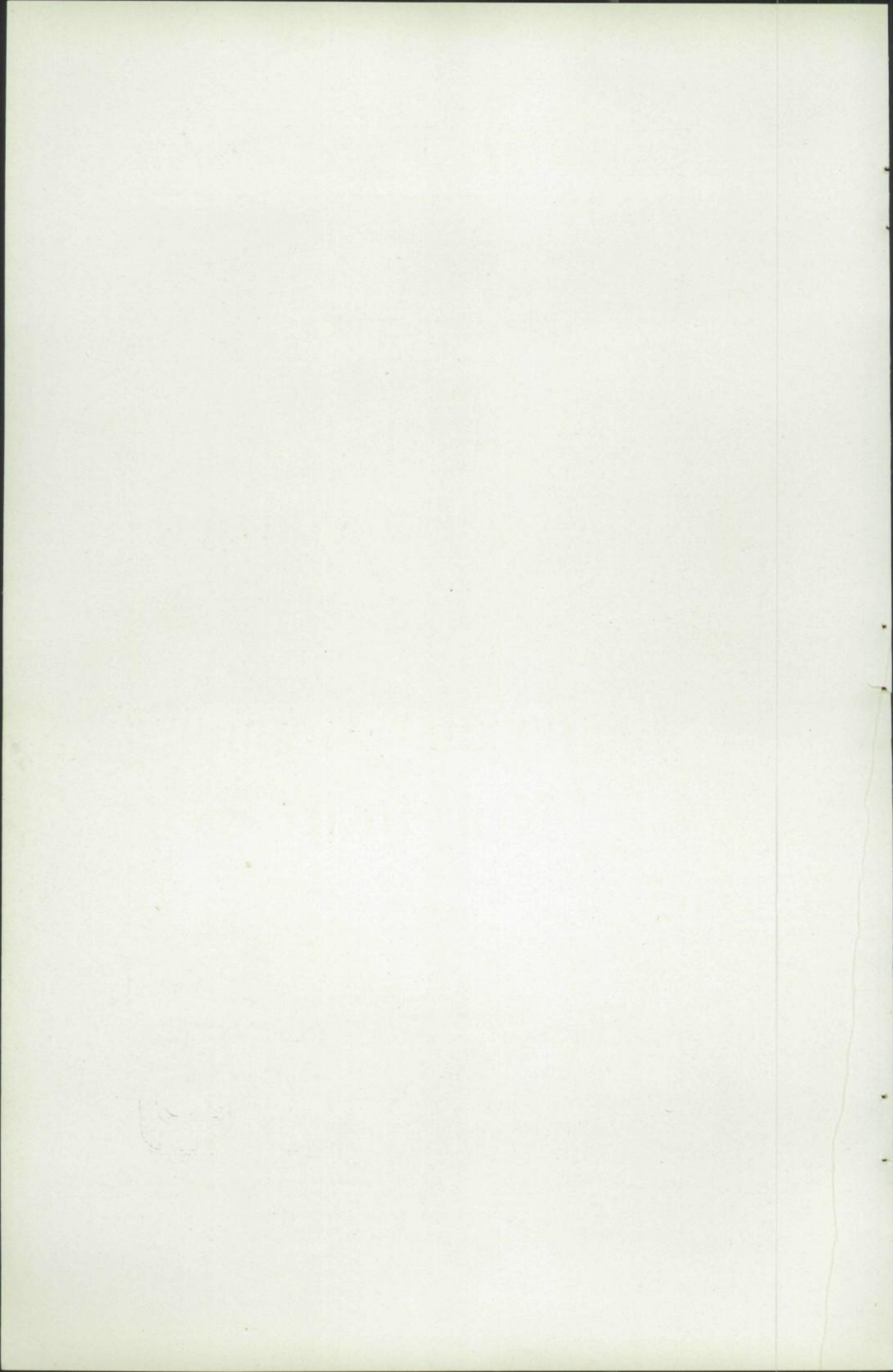
The baseball prospects for the ensuing year are promising.

All who played on the team last year except Captain Parker are back and will be out to contend for the championship.

The baseball lettermen from last year are Captain Melrose Pflaum, Maurice Douglass, Ralph "Lefty" Hudson, Ernest Edmeades, Laurence Jackson, Clayton Hall, Lester Harrison, Stacy Potter, Clare Scallon, David Epps. The team will be completed from the numerous capable recruits who were in school last year but not on the team. In view of these facts, Franklin is counting on a victorious baseball team.

F





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Very
Merry Christmas
and a
Bright and Joyous
New Year



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GOODYEAR TIRES

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Accessories

An Editor's Plea

Take pity when you read these jokes,
And don't go round a tellin' folks,
"I've heard that one, ha! how old,
A lot of times, I've heard that told."
Have a heart, please bear in mind
A joke editor you may be some time.

The Joke Editor.

* * *

PRESUMPTUOUS LAD.—Lewyn Whitman (admiring beautiful sunset): "My, what a beautiful sun!"

V. Osgood: "Yes, and you're quite a daughter yourself!"

* * *

AN EXCEPTION.—Mr. White: "My boy, all bright men are conceited."

L. Thomas: "Oh, I don't know. I'm not."

* * *

A NECESSARY PRECAUTION.—Logan R. (to dad): "Say, dad, can you sign your name with your eyes closed?"

Dad: "Sure, my boy. Why?"

L. Reed: "All right, then sign my report card."

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Hawthorne's Quality Store

GAS and OIL
Hawthorne Avenue
at 33rd

STUDIOUS(?).—Miss Van Schoonhoven: "How much time did you spend on your Spanish?"

Bob Foster: "Seven hours!"

Miss Van Schoonhoven: "What?"

Foster: "I slept on it."

* * *

MUTUAL.—Miss Smith (during exams): "I shall answer no questions."

"Les" Harrison: "Shake. Neither shall I."

* * *

POSITIVELY.—N. Westergard: "Only fools are positive."

W. Johnson: "Are you sure?"

N. Westergard: "Positive."

* * *

A CAPITAL IDEA.—Mr. Rodwell: "Clare, I take great pleasure in giving you 80 in Science."

C. Seallan: "Aw, shucks, make it a hundred and enjoy yourself more."

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Our Rating 97.6

A Trip To Franko Land

By WAYNE OLSSON

The steamer "Robert B. Walsh" arrived in the harbor of the capitol of Franko Land. I disembarked and left Captain Melendy Manning his boat for the return voyage. In the Garrison and in the Parks were many interesting people. I met the Marshall and his Nave, who explained that many of them were here merely to Foster the animals in the jungle.

Having assembled my outfit, I set out for the woods, passing a Nei-kirk on a Church-hill with its well kept Graves. I crossed the Trow-bridge, beyond Townsend villages, and past Fields, till the White pavement ended and I found myself in the Jungle, with a Merry Smith for a guide, and a Case o'beer for refreshments.

Just at the edge of the forest, under a Groshong Myrtle tree, was a tiny Young Amie hopping around gleefully, taking Huggins from others of her kind.



Roller of Rome

A little deeper in the woods, I met a nimble Roller of ancient Rome. She was at the top of a Ridgway between the valleys of Southwick and Dewhirst. I was scarcely out of her way when a mad Woodruff came Rollin' toward me. I felt sure I was Dunn for since, as I stepped out of the way of the oncoming danger, I found myself in the talons of a great Bourgeois-bird that swooped down from the sky and carried me aloft.



Woodruff



Bourgeois Bird

But my captor was attacked from above by a more dangerous bird, called Steinmetz. I was dropped, and landed in the middle of a large Schmidli Lilly floating on a pond. I leaped on to the back of a Herner that swam by. Fortu-



Herner

pool of clear, cold water. The sight of me made her Blanche with fear, and she ran off into the brush. As I bent over the pond, I saw a giant water Sonneman, resembling a lobster. Remembering what the whale did to Jonah, I decided not to drink.

nately she crawled out on the shore, and I jumped off.

Upon my Word, this excitement had made me thirsty, and I wondered if Enna one else was Thurston. She was. I found her at the edge of a



Sonneman

Upon rising, I found myself face to face



with a man-eating Murray. To save myself I climbed up on an ancient ruin of stone Walling, but just at the top I laid my hand on a Rodwell snake. I broke his head with an old stone Hammer that was lying near and was again safe.

Climbing Down, I went into a cave under the wall, where I found the king of beasts, curled up in a Ball, asleep. His Paige awakened him, and I found the monarch quite friendly. While with him I wrote this story



the king

and Drew the accompanying sketches.



Dillon

Then the king gave me a long-eared Dillon to pack my outfit, and accompanied me to the edge of the Jungle, when I departed for home.

SEE THE J. H. RANKIN CO. *for* Clothes

CLEVER.—Mr. Nave: “Mr. Foster, what’s the difference between the North and South Poles?”

Bob: “There’s a world of difference.”

* * *

ONCE IS ENOUGH.—M. Marohn (in Civics): “Do they hang people very often in the United States?”

Miss Reeves: “Only once, Manota.”

* * *

IT OFTEN HAPPENS.—Miss Townsend: “Harold, did you have any trouble with your lesson?”

H. Kelly: “No, except in class.”

* * *

ACCOMMODATING.—A teacher (at Maroon and Gray): “Do you serve any cheese with apple sauce?”

Waiter: “Yes, sir, we serve anyone here.”

PARTY FROCKS

. . . . *and Mistletoe*

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And frosty air — and Christmas bells — all the rest of it. It’s coming — and you must be prepared with new party clothes for the holiday dances — because if you’re not, well . . . let’s repeat — “You must be prepared” — for what the season holds in store.

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at a very reasonable price.*

Also carry a good line of SCHOOL
SUPPLIES.

Ice Cream, Cold Drinks and
Groceries.

Come get acquainted with us.

GOOD REMEDY.—Bea Lake: “How can I cure a sleep-walking habit.”

G. Bonawitz: “Sprinkle tacks on the floor.”

* * *

HOW STRANGE.—A. Lockwood: “They say that Maurice Douglass hasn’t slept for ten days.”

G. Heacock: “How is that?”

A. Lockwood: “He sleeps at night.”

* * *

HIS OWN ACCUSER.—Angry teacher (catching student by collar): “I believe the devil has got hold of you.”

Student: “I believe he has too.”—Ex.

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A DIFFICULT ASSIGNMENT.—Mrs. Wilson: "For tomorrow take the life of Dr. Wilcox."

J. Hocksmuth: "How?"

* * *

A DUMB ANSWER.—Mr. Dewhurst (in Physics class): "Ralph, give me a good illustration of density."

R. Hudson: (Silent).

Mr. Dewhurst: "A very good illustration, Ralph."

* * *

UNPOPULAR MISS.—Miss Graves: "Fortune knocks at every man's door once."

C. Olssen: "The daughter of fortune must have knocked at mine."

Miss Graves: "Who ever heard of the daughter of fortune?"

C. Olsen: "What, didn't you ever hear of Miss Fortune?"

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of the Sweets and Eats"**

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You
Will
Come
Always

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WISE SAWS FROM THE EMINENT

"You can always tell a high school senior, but you can't tell him much."—S. F. Ball.

"Life is just one ford after another."—Eugene Meyers.

"When you are down in the mouth remember Jonah. He came out all right."—David Richards.

"Money talks but it never gives itself away."—R. H. Down.

"The rests are the only part of harmony I enjoy."—Mr. Walsh.

"After I get my A. B. I will get my J. O. B."—Hugh McGilvra.

"The fellow who named near beer was a poor judge of distance."—John Kekel.

"I'm learning to clean my finger nails with my left hand so that I'll be prepared if I get my right hand cut off."—Manford Watt.

"Don't worry about your station in life; someone will tell you where to get off."—Clare Scallon.

"Many a bachelor's ship has been wrecked on a permanent wave."—Janet North.

"Man is the only animal that can be skinned more than once."—Miss Reeves.

"Faith is that which prompts a man to buy a pocket book on credit."—Mr. Parks.

"The human mind should be a good hotel—open the year around."—Mr. White.

"Remember, 'tis only when the fish opens his mouth that he gets caught."—Harold Boon.

"When a bunch of girls get together the Lord pities the one who leaves first."—Newell Dixon.

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NOT UNREASONABLE.—Marian S.: "It is only six o'clock and I told you to come after dinner."

C. Gardenhire: "That's what I came after."

* * *

RESOURCEFUL.—E. Phillips (over the phone): "What time are you expecting me?"

H. Tschopp (icily): "I'm not expecting you at all."

E. Phillips: "Then I'll surprise you."

* * *

NOT INSINUATING(?).—Mr. Enna: "Your last paper was very difficult to read. Your work should be so written that even the most ignorant will be able to understand it."

L. Ashcraft: "Yes, sir, what part didn't you understand?"

* * *

TOO EXPENSIVE.—M. Pease: "Billy, you must come along with us to the football game."

B. Van Orman: "Never again! It was so cold at the last one I went to I was kept busy all the time powdering my nose."

Sellwood 0226

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CAUSE ENOUGH.—M. Wishard: "Say, why is your face so red?"

F. Long: "'Cause."

Marguerite W.: "'Cause, why?"

Frances L.: "Cosmetics."

* * *

A FUNDAMENTAL LAW.—Miss Churchill: "Manford, can you tell me what is wrong with this sentence, 'The horse and cow is in the field'?"

M. Watt: "Yes, ma'am. Ladies should come first."

* * *

THE HEIGHT OF MODESTY.—"Just run along, sun," said the cloud, "while I have my shower."—Ex.

* * *

A TRUE STORY.—Freshie (upon filling out index cards): "Miss Young, on the line above 'family name,' do I put the name of all our family, or just my own?"

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Tabor 1266

A CONTINUAL VICTORY.—Miss Dunns: "When did Caesar defeat the greatest number?"

E. Stokes: "I think on examination day."

* * *

AN AUTO TREATMENT.—Mr. Woodruff: "Arnold, your work has fallen down, and if you are going to pick it up, you'll have to step on it."

* * *

FIRST AID.—Mr. Silkworth: "This book will do half your work."

F. Skolil: "Give me two—quick!"

* * *

ANGLING.—D. Mead: "Awful things can be caught from kissing."

D. Graves: "Yes, look at the poor fish my sister caught that way."

* * *

IT IS TO SMILE.—D. Richards: "Would you accept a pet monkey?"

"Viv" Conger: "Oh, I would have to ask father. This is so sudden."

The Announcements

for the January Class
of 1925

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and Dyers**

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\$1.25 Call for and Delivered
474 E. 50th and Division

IT DOESN'T WORK.—Miss Reeves: "Always love your teachers."

C. Catching: "I tried that once, but she got mad."

* * *

ESSENTIAL COLORS.—Miss Foster: "Lawrence, name two complementary colors."

L. Kretzmeier: "Paint and powder."

* * *

BRIGHT GIRL.—J. Whitman (after first day in Latin class): "Papa, what word stands for people in Latin?"

Papa: "I don't know; do you?"

Joyce W.: "Pop-u-li," she brightly responded.

* * *

OBLIGING TOMMY.—Miss Herner: "Mr. North, have you a date on your paper? Above all things I want a date."

T. North: "All right, I'll see that you get one."

* * *

CORRECT.—Miss Richards: "What are three kinds of sentences?"

T. Badley: "Declarative, interrogative, and imperative."

Miss Richards: "Give an example of each."

Tom B.: "John is sick." (Pause) "Is John sick?" (Much longer pause) "Sic 'em, John!"

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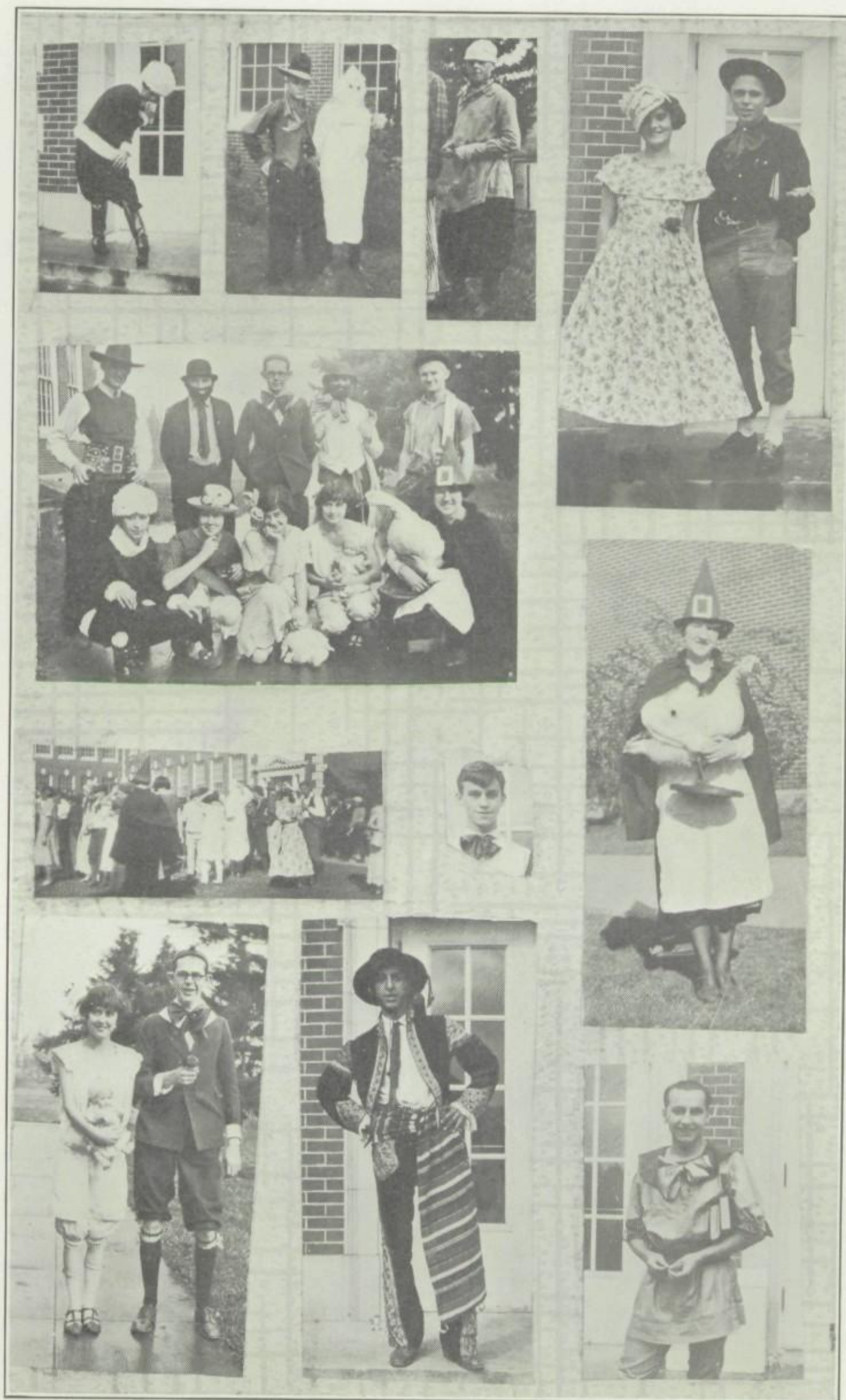
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JUST SUPPOSE THAT—

Hot dogs were given away in the main hall;
 Bob Foster failed to take a joke;
 Ann Wade should "jet" her hair;
 Miss Huggins had an enemy;
 Hugh McGilvra received a "U";
 Donald Eagleton lost his popularity;
 Johnny Kekel didn't like the girls;
 James Gilbaugh were bashful;
 Miss Roller had bobbed hair;
 Everybody could sit in assembly;
 Frances Hargrove ever came to school on time;
 Helen Inskeep acted dignified;
 Lyle Ashcraft and Leta Kent quit going together;
 Marguerite Wishard became bald-headed;
 Donald Graves forgot how to smile;
 Lewyn Whitman quit vamping;
 Mr. Dewhurst fell down;
 Jerry Knapp got a pig-shave;
 Mr. Enna grew a beautiful crop of curly golden locks;
 Frances Long quit chewing gum;
 We all went swimming in the Franklin bowl;
 Juanita Powell lost her literary ability;
 We had a 100 per cent turnout at a game.

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 Jane.....Sister number two.
 Bess.....Sister number one.
 Helen.....Sister number three.

(Curtain rises.)

Jack and his sisters are idling in parlor when the telephone rings.

Helen: "There goes the phone, somebody answer, I'm busy."

Jone: "You answer Bess, I answered last time."

Bess: "No. Jack! You answer."

Jack: "Aw, shucks." (He starts for phone.)

Helen: "Oh, Jack if it's John or Henry I'm not home, but if it's Kenny I'm here."

Jack: "Well."

Bess: "Say, if it's Bill, I'm here, but if it's Horace I'm out with Jim."

Jack: "All right."

Jane: "Jack, I'll talk to Tom but not to Max or Ralph."

Jack: "All right."

Helen: "Don't forget I'm not here if it's John or Henry."

Jack: "All right."

Bess: "Hey, if it's Jim, I guess I will talk."

Jack: "All right."

Jack makes a grab at the phone which has been incessantly ringing.

Jack: "Hello."

Over wire: "Hello, is this Sunset 0061?"

Jack: "No, wrong number."

Jack hangs up receiver.

(Curtain)



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Is ab ille! heres ago—
Fortibus es in aro
O nobile! Themis trux
As quod sinem—
Pes an dux.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION:

I say Billy! Here's ago—
Forty buses in a row.
Oh, no, Billy! Them are trucks.
Ask what's in 'em—
Peas and ducks.

Latin:

Caesar sic decat unde cur, egressi licium.

English:

Caesar sicked the cat on the cur, I guess he licked him.

Latin:

Caesaris legis est boni.

English:

Caesar's legs are bony.

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EARTHLY BURDENS.—P. Robley: "I heard you and Alberta had an awful fight."

C. Ritter: "Yes, she said I was all the world to her one night."

P. Robley: "Yes, go on."

C. Ritter: "And I told her to get off the earth while I rested my knee."

* * *

GOOD SAMARITAN.—"Earl, you don't make good music on that trombone of yours."

Earl: "I know I don't but I drown out a heap of poor music."

* * *

HIS NATURAL STATE.—L. Warren (taking notes for "School Daze"): "And in what state were you born, Mr. Down?"

Mr. Down: "Unless my recollection fails me, in the state of ignorance."

L. Warren: "Yes, to be sure. And how long did you live there?"

* * *

NOT AS HOPELESS AS THAT.—He: "I could dance on like this forever."

She: "Oh, I'm sure you don't mean it. You're bound to improve."

* * *

OBEDIENT.—Miss Richards: "Alfred, why are you always late to school?"

Al Eykelbosch: "Because of a sign I have to pass on my way here."

Miss Richard: "What has that got to do with it?"

Al: "Why it says, 'School Ahead: Go Slow!'"

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1. "Jim, I'd much rather go to the art gallery tonight than to the show."
2. "This cafe is awfully expensive. You should take me to a cheaper one."
3. "No, I don't want this style of dress. I want the kind that mother used to wear."
4. "No, I don't use a lipstick."
5. "Oh, please don't bring your car, John, I'd much rather go on the street car."
6. "If you kiss me, I'll scream."
7. "Mother doesn't care how late you stay."—Ex.

* * *

SUSPICIOUS PA.—A young man writing to the father of his girl, closed his letter with this appeal: "I want your daughter—the flour of your family."

The cold-blooded old man answered: "Flour of the family is good, but are you sure it isn't my dough you are after?"—Ex.

* * *

HEARD IN CHEMISTRY CLASS.—"You can't keep two things in your head at once. Spit that gum out!"

* * *

TEMPTATION.—J. Leavitt: "If I had an apple and you had a bite, what would you do?"

M. Nicholson: "I don't know. What would you do?"

Joe L.: "I'd scratch it."

* * *

MATURE WISDOM.—J. Watkins: "Why is it your mother trusts us so seldom alone?"

H. Inskeep: "She knows me better than you do."

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CHICKEN FEED.—M. Sams: "What is the difference between a worm, a caterpillar, and a man?"

T. Kester: "Absolutely none. The chickens get them all."

* * *

QUITE SO.—Miss Churchill: "Dorothy, name a collective noun."

D. See: "A vacuum cleaner."

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NO AMPLIFIER NEEDED.—Speaking about radios, some of us can remember when the music from the heir was broadcasted from the woodshed.”

* * *

SOME CATASTROPHE.—Rupert: “What did you do with the cuffs I left on the table last night?”

Mother: “They were so soiled I sent them to the laundry.”

Rupert: “Ye gods! The entire history of England was on them.”

* * *

NO RECOMMENDATION.—R. McClure: “What do you think of mud as a beautifier?”

D. Ott: “Well, it hasn't done much for the turtle.”

* * *

The chewing gum gal and the cud-chewing cow—

They look alike, but they're different somehow.

Different? Oh, yes, I can see it now,

It's the thoughtful look on the face of the cow.—Ex.

* * *

SOME FALL.—H. Skolil: “I fell over fifty feet.”

L. Baker: “And you weren't hurt?”

Helena: “No, I was only getting off a crowded car.”

* * *

A WISE FLAPPER.—Mr. Dillon: “Girls are so useless these days. I'll wager they don't know what a needle is for.”

E. Womack: “Oh, I do. It's to run a phonograph.”

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